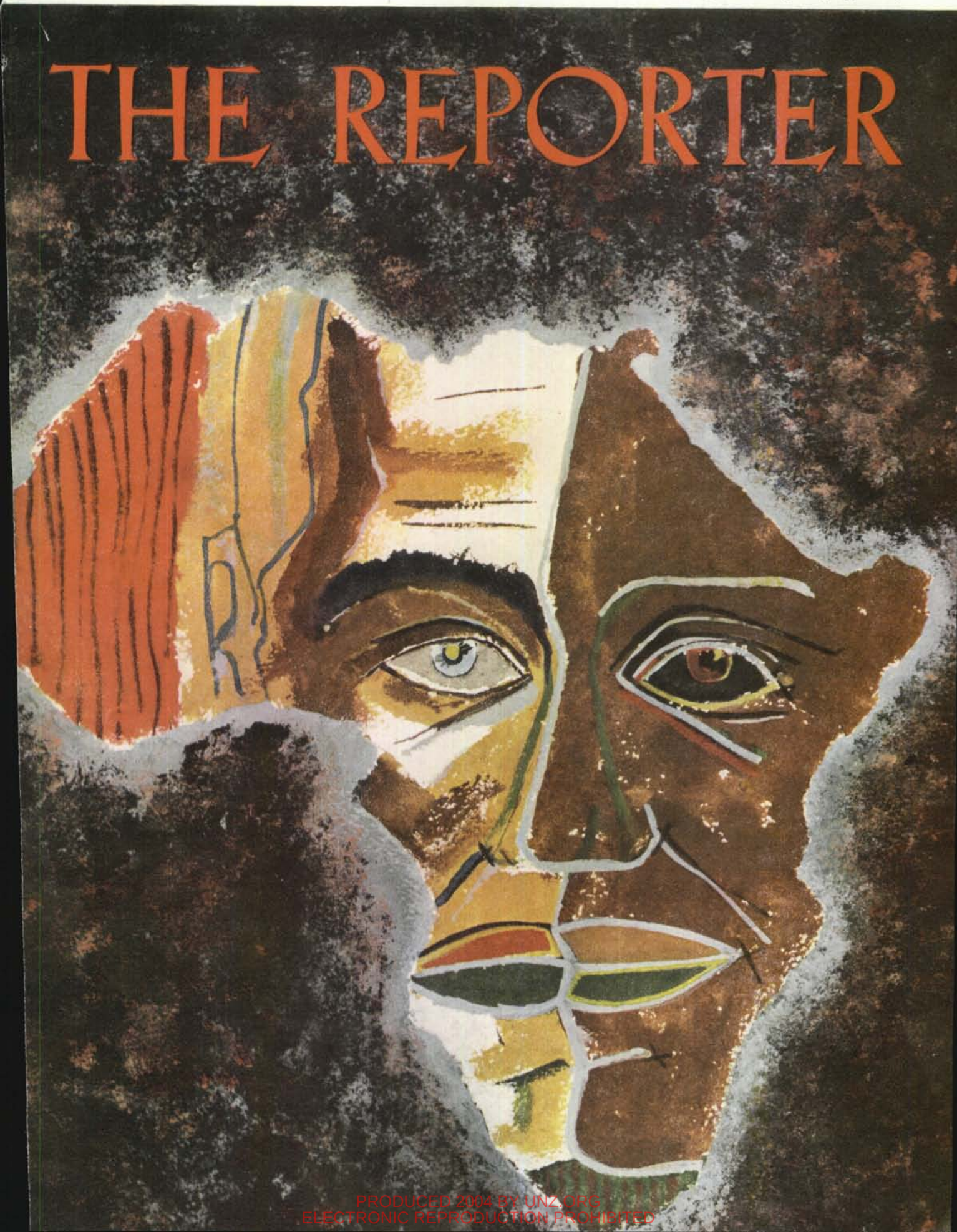
The 'Night of Horror' in Brooklyn

January 27, 1955 25¢

Enlightened Colonialism: The Belgian Congo (page 34)

THE REPORTER



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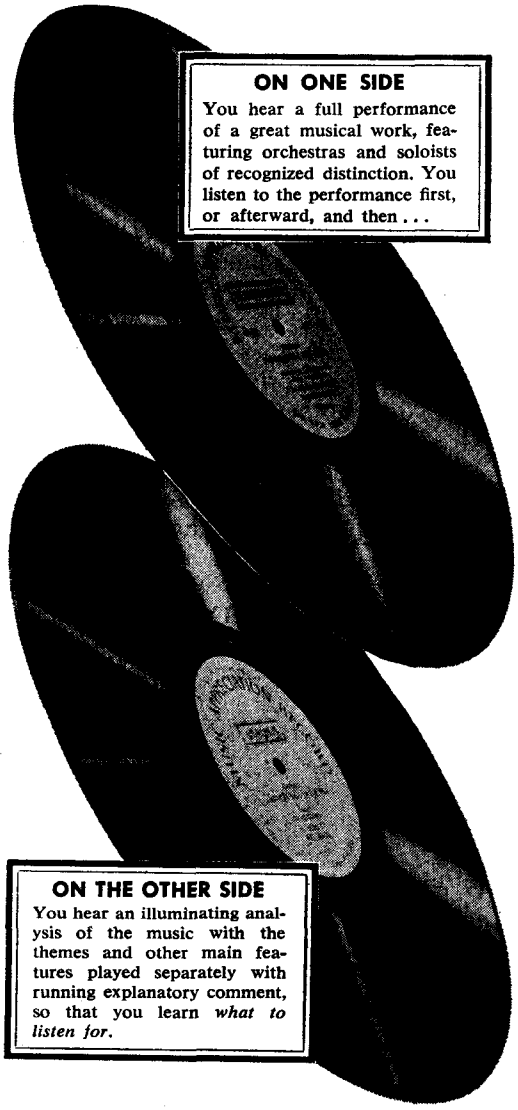

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Charlie Wertenbaker

He died a few days ago, at fifty-three. He did not, as the expression goes, "pass away." For weeks he saw death coming to him. He got ready for it. He lived with it. He also knew its name, which was cancer of the type that leaves no room for surgery or for hope. Charlie used this knowledge as an opportunity to put his life in order, to make it as clean, disciplined, and truthful as a good piece of copy must be.

He had written many good pieces of copy, for *Time*, for *Fortune*, and many other periodicals. He contributed some stories we are proud of to *The Reporter*, particularly on Franco Spain, but above all we will always remember the work he did with us during the months when we prepared together our China Lobby series. Yet successful at the journalistic trade as he was, he wanted to do something else with his writing skill. He wanted to express himself not only by giving sense and color to the tidbits of news he knew how to collect painstakingly, but also by describing the causes and the accidents that make and unmake men. The last years of his life were mostly spent in writing novels.

It was a hard struggle, because the inspiration for his novels was in his personal experience, and he could never quite succeed in dissociating himself from the characters he was trying to bring to life. The association was always one of compassion, for Charlie never succeeded in hating anybody. His last novel is about the experience of his life that disturbed him the most—his participation in a journalistic venture that had begun with a good capital of idealism and was made spiritually bankrupt by economic success. But even there, his view of the protagonists was blurred by the fact that Charlie never could be as hard as he wanted to be.

There was nothing fuzzy, however, about the last weeks of his life. His bearing was never more straight or his smile more serene and kind. In his conversation with the few friends who knew he was dying, he managed to mix, over a drink, chitchat about the events of the day with a few deliberate words he had in his heart for them. The fact that he was dying—that that was perhaps their last conversation—was never forgotten by him or his friends for a moment, and never talked about. He could take it; why shouldn't they?

It was his last deadline. Charlie made it superbly.

King Solomon's Sword

Every man has the right to be uninformed and confused at times—including the President of the United States. We must add, however, with the great and sincere respect we have both for the man and his office, that President Eisenhower takes an unfair advantage of that right. We use the word "unfair" advisedly, for we think that too frequently, in his answers to newspapermen at the press conferences, the President is unfair to himself.

Things never went so far, we believe, as on January 12.

According to the transcript in the New York *Times*, the President was asked whether he would favor private enterprise or a public body to develop Niagara power. The answer runs: Well, he didn't think it made any difference whether he did or not. He was not decisive in such a case. He hadn't had a chance to

CONFESSIONS OF A BIRDBRAIN

Oh I know I should care about Central America,
Costa Rica should keep me awake—
But I'm getting immune to this stata histerica:
A riot, a coup, or a quake.

(Papa loves mambo,
Mama loves mambo,
But Baby will sit this one out.)

Oh I know Nicaragua is vital to all of us,
A link in our mutual defense—
But this neighbor up here can't help feeling that all the fuss
Doesn't really make very much sense.

(Papa loves mambo,
Mama loves mambo,
Big Brother will sit this one out.)

Oh I know I should care about Central America,
I know we should hold it most dear—
Oh I *think* I could care about Central America
If it weren't in our hemisphere!

(Papa loves mambo,
Mama loves mambo,
While the kiddies will shoot this one out!)

—SEC

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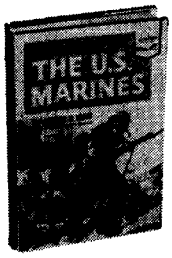
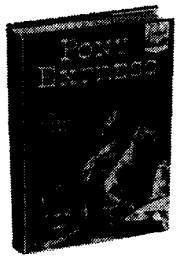
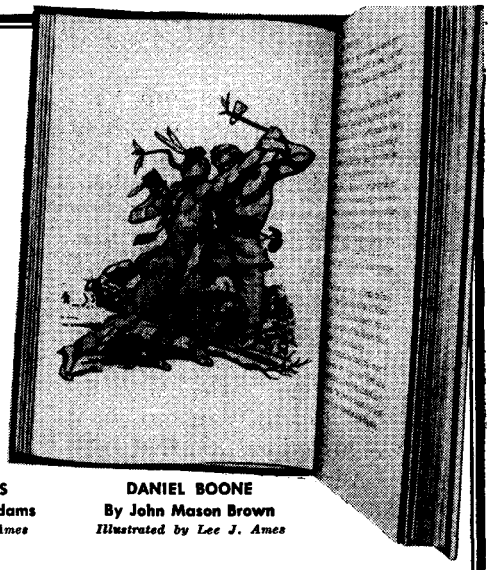


THE STORY OF THE U. S. MARINES
By George Hunt
Illustrated by Charles Mazoujian



THE PONY EXPRESS
By Samuel Hopkins Adams
Illustrated by Lee J. Ames



DANIEL BOONE
By John Mason Brown
Illustrated by Lee J. Ames

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study this particular one. . .

It was the Ladejinsky case that attracted the most attention. Asked whether he had reached any conclusion of his own as a result of reading the summary of the Ladejinsky record prepared by Secretary of Agriculture Benson, the President said that the summary, as the Secretary had read it to him ... well, that would scare him ... He hadn't inquired into all of the circumstances, and it was his impression that both State and Agriculture felt the same way at that time, so he just had said that, and he hadn't—he never had actually read it ....

Finally the President said—to put it in our own words—that Ladejinsky was bailed out to Harold Stassen as agricultural adviser to South Vietnam. But, he added, remember this: Stassen had to stand responsible, and Stassen, if something would turn up to show that his judgment was wrong, then he was the one that was held responsible ...

THERE IS something wrong, we suspect, with what may be called the President's philosophy. His belief that wisdom consists in sticking to the middle of the road puts him at the mercy of both extremes, fully employed in trying to conciliate them. On January 12, the President told the press that he had never heard Mr. Nixon sweepingly condemn the Democratic Party, but on the other hand, he thoroughly believed in the loyalty and patriotism of Mr. Nixon's critics. In the same way, between the opposite conclusions in the Ladejinsky case reached by the Agriculture Department and the State Department, he admitted that Mr. Stassen *is* right unless it turns out that he has been wrong.

This was like a judgment of Solomon, but in this case the sword has killed the baby. Secretary Dulles is right, and so is Secretary Benson. Everybody is right and everybody may turn out to be wrong, but Wolf Ladejinsky's usefulness as a government servant is, we think, destroyed. This is the middle of the road.

The Delayed Payment

Events of the last few days in Costa Rica are a consequence of the action our government took in handling the Guatemalan situation. It would have been entirely possible, and indeed legal, to have the Organization of American States formally and openly intervene in Guatemala and liberate it from Communist domination.

Instead, our government preferred to have liberation bootlegged to the Guatemalans.

Will the prompt action of the American republics in Costa Rica destroy the precedent created in Guatemala?

This is what we ardently hope. We cannot help hoping also that the Nicaraguans may find the opportunity of sending pistol-packing General Somoza to fight gun battles in some Wild West.

RESOLVED THAT—

CHET HUNTLEY

A set of New Year resolutions for a journalist—particularly a radio-television *journalist—might go something like this:*

RESOLVED: To take a walk each morning around a given issue or problem or controversy and report on all the aspects seen or heard—all 360 aspects, if there be that many.

¶To show *some improvement this year* in learning how to depreciate my own opinions.

¶To stop and think at least thirty minutes before offering one of my own opinions in a broadcast.

¶That if my own opinion must be used, to label it as *just opinion with* the biggest verbal sign or billboard I know how to make.

¶To remember, at least once a week, for the next fifty-two weeks, that Providence, unfortunately, did not endow me with complete wisdom or infallibility.

¶To practice faithfully throughout the coming year to learn how to utter those noble and refreshing words "I was wrong," just in case that uncomfortable situation should arise.

¶To narrow down almost to infinity, or to keep at a minimum, the number of your fellow citizens to whom you would deny the privilege of being heard, if you had the power. Rather, to remember that they don't deserve silencing—just answering.

¶To remember that "success" in the profession of journalism is, to be sure, measured by your actual and potential rendering of service; but it's also restrained by the fact that the bigger you are, the bigger and more serious your mistakes.

¶To remember that only a William Jennings Bryan and a few others seemed to produce their best effort in the first draft, and Bryan never got to be President. In other words, give strength to cut and edit and rewrite.

¶To face the East each morning and *thank Mr. Sulzberger for the* New York *Times.*

¶To be more decent to my sponsor . . . To do some more thinking and wondering whether television is a medium for the reporting of day-to-day news or whether it's more exclusively suited for the documentary.

¶To waste no more time in search of the "gimmick" or "gadget" for the so-cute and so-contrived television show.

¶To become a better and more persistent gadfly on the hides of my *bosses throughout the coming year in* a campaign which is mottoed "There's no such thing as too much news."

¶To live with the annoying proposition that a little insecurity may be good for a journalist.

And finally—when all the rules, the prohibitions, the restrictions, and points of policy have been violated, to ask only this: a fairly respectable rating on those good questions, "Is he fair, is he decent, and does he have a shred of integrity?"

A set of resolutions and entreaties of this nature by all engaged in the business *of buying or selling or giving* away ideas might cause even journalists to make some contribution this year to our chances of enduring the *uncertainties and confusions with more* natural composure and inner strength, unwasted by the exertions of emotional brawls.

(A broadcast by Mr. Huntley over ABC Radio January 3)

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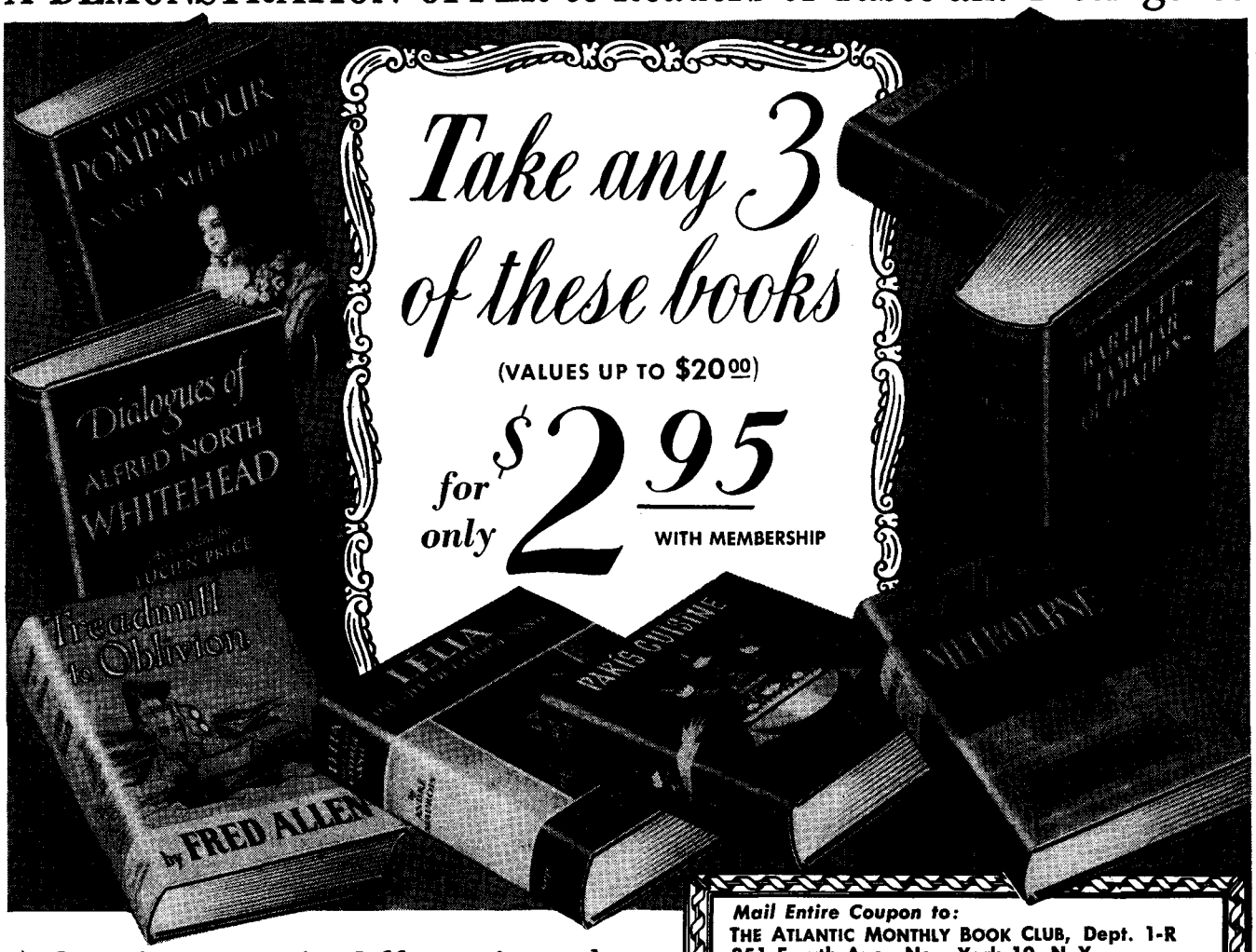

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CORRESPONDENCE

'CHRISTMAS 1954'

To the Editor: The editorial "Christmas 1954" (*The Reporter*, December 30, 1954) touches me doubly: first, because it makes me feel—as have certain other writings of yours—the importance Christ has in your thinking; and then, because you stress that distinction, between things which are Caesar's and things which are God's, which I believe to be absolutely central to any healthy political philosophy and to democracy.

JACQUES MARITAIN
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Allow me to thank you for the manifest sobriety and sincerity of your Christmas editorial. It reminds me of a remark recently heard to the effect that while there is glib talk about God there is also such a thing as glib silence concerning Him. May there be more such serious coming to grips with the religious implications of our time.

REV. NORMAN K. GOTTWALD
Columbia University
New York City

To the Editor: You have reached down to the basic significance of Christmas and the pertinent relationship it has, especially for the kind of world we are living in today. I suppose that one would have to say that a democratic society maintains the more perfect balance between the Unto Caesar and Unto God principle One has an almost equal fear of the Unto Caesar society and the Unto God of the extreme Right—the only relief in the latter is the theoretical admission that a higher law than themselves places them under an outside judgment. It justifies opposition and it gives birth to continuing hope which lies in all right of protest. Oppenheimer said in his address a few days ago, closing the Bicentennial Year of Columbia, that love for our fellow man, symbolized by Christmas too, can operate with restrictions in any society, and can save individual man from despair in the midst of total suffering and unrelieved pressure and power.

REV. GEORGE B. FORD
Corpus Christi Rectory
New York City

To the Editor: Aside from the family parties, the shopping, and the feasting, Christmas is a joyous time because it is a time of hope. The birth of every human child should represent a hope for the future; how much more may we hope as we celebrate the birth of the Man (or the ideas, if you prefer) who set in motion such tremendous changes, mostly for the better. It is true that the hopes of the past have often not been realized, but in every time there have been realities which were the hopes of previous generations.

NORA GLADWIN FAIRBANK
Belmont, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I think "Christmas 1954" is a splendid expression of a deep understanding of the foundations of our civilization. I have always treasured your understanding of these things as I have found it revealed in other statements in *The Reporter*, but this present editorial is an exceptionally fine statement. There seem to be too few men in public life who understand the significance of the double loyalty a human being is called upon to exercise.

H. R. NIEBUHR
Yale Divinity School
New Haven, Connecticut

BIPARTISANSHIP

To the Editor: Senator J. W. Fulbright's article "Bipartisanship Is a Two-Way Street" (*The Reporter*, December 16) seems to have covered the situation so thoroughly that any other comment would be redundant.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Senator Fulbright has done an excellent piece of work in writing a partisan Democratic article. But as an objective thesis on the question of bipartisanship, it isn't worth a damn. It seems to me that anybody trying to plead objectively for bipartisanship would do so in the spirit of bipartisanship. Senator Fulbright would have his readers believe that only the Republicans are guilty of demagoguery and that the Democrats approach all political and national questions objectively without resorting to such tactics. Apparently he has conveniently forgotten the many years when we were treated to such eloquent phrases as "Hoover Depression," "Economic Royalists," and "Princes of Privilege."

DEWITT S. HYDE
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: It would appear to the average individual that, after the support President Eisenhower gave to the slander of the Democratic Party and its members during the campaign, he would find himself somewhat embarrassed to solicit the support of said Democrats for his program, always assuming, of course, that his program is constructive and for the benefit of the welfare of the United States. In other words, just when can a President solicit the assistance from treasonists and Communistic sympathizers for a constructive program?

HARRY R. SHEPPARD
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: How right Senator Fulbright is in insisting that he will support a bipartisan policy when he feels that policy is right and irrespective of whether it originated with one side or the other! I have always been a little suspicious of too strong an emphasis on bipartisan policy. Inevitably the party represented in the White House has the greatest influence over foreign policy, and constant and vigilant critical examination of that policy may be the very best contribution possible from either within the President's own party or, especially, the party of the Opposition.

CLARENCE E. PICKETT
Philadelphia

BALDERDASH!

To the Editor: I am a Kenneth Galbraith fan of long standing. But I am afraid that in his "enthusiastic acclaim" of Georges Blond's *The Death of Hitler's Germany* in your January 13 issue Dr. Galbraith has gone off a very deep end.

He has company. In the *New Yorker's* November 20, 1954, number, an anonymous reviewer wrote: "M. Blond, a French naval officer, sticks closely to the facts . . . "; and Telford Taylor in the *Yale Review* for winter, 1955, pronounces Blond "authentic."

The heck they say! In the jacket blurb, Blond's publishers, Macmillan, are quite frank about his methods. "Using a technique which allows him to write as an eyewitness—an actual participant in these events," they admit, "Georges Blond carries the reader to Poland, to Normandy, to Berlin, to the Ardennes, to East Prussia . . ." Back during the war, a correspondent who used such a gimmick was said to be "magic-carpeting," and the practice was frowned on.

As with most writers whose notions of the war were largely gleaned from interrogating German generals after it was over, Blond is very weak indeed on the Allied side. In describing the latter phases of the Ardennes battle he betrays a fundamental ignorance of who was doing the fighting. On page 138 he writes: "The British were attacking from the north and the Americans from the south . . ." and on his following pages: "By January 15, British and American forces were only about twelve miles apart in the vicinity of Houffalize. . . . Three hundred thousand German soldiers were saved through the escape corridor, for the British and the Americans were unable to form a junction until it was too late."

The forces on the north side of the German penetration were not British at all, but Courtney Hodges's magnificent First U.S. Army. Indeed, this misconception, fostered by London papers relying on their correspondents, who had fallen for some bad briefings by Montgomery's headquarters, was responsible for the most serious British-American rift of the entire war. It is surprising indeed that Blond never heard about it, and that now, ten years after the event, he should blandly haul out and present as fact that hackneyed mistake, which was exposed and corrected within a matter of days. British participation in the Bulge battle was in the classic proportion of horse-and-rabbit stew: one U.S. horse to one British rabbit.

BLOND'S most detailed description of a single major action on the Western Front is that of Twenty-first Army Group's crossing of the Rhine March 23-24, 1945. I was privileged, as a war correspondent, to see that battle from the area of one of the

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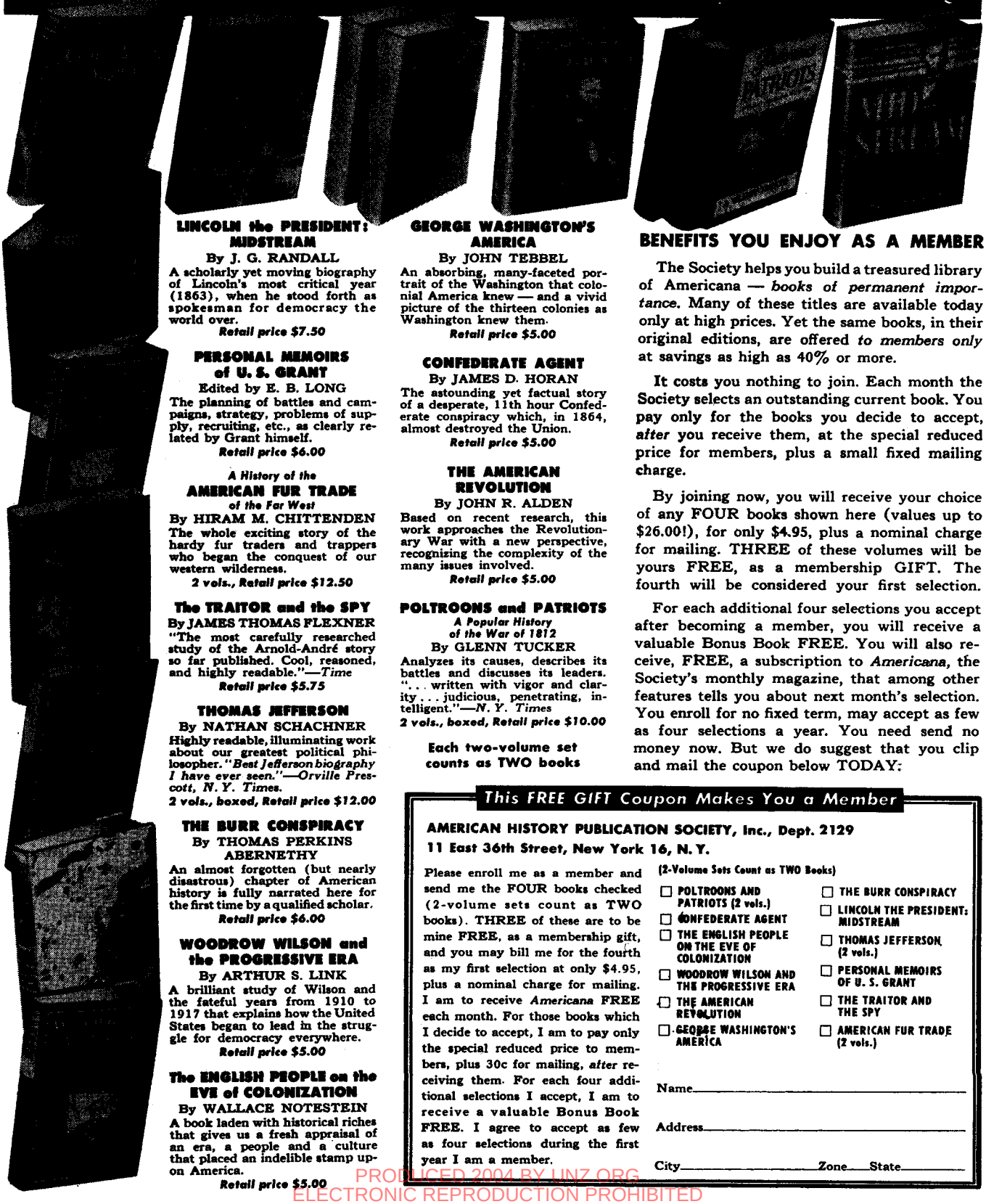

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two British Second Army assault units, the 15th Scottish Infantry Division, near Xanten on the west bank of the Rhine.

Blond has the parachute divisions landing on the morning of March 23, and the infantry crossing that night. His concept of the action is entirely upside down. The infantry crossed first during the dark hours of March 23-24, and the paratroopers started dropping at ten o'clock the morning of the 24th. Of the German artillery the night of the 23rd he says: ". . . Allied bombs, tanks and paratroopers had silenced it forever." I wish Blond could have been on the Rhine that night. There wasn't what an infantryman would call a lot of incoming shellfire, but there was enough to suit me.

Blond's book is not history. It is pure balderdash, and to characterize it as anything more is to condone a poisoning of the stream of undiluted fact from which historians of the future must take their material.

AL NEWMAN
New York City

THE FADING COLOR LINE

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading Dr. Leo Bogart's article "The Army and Its Negro Troops" (*The Reporter*, December 30, 1954).

The Army initiated the integration program prior to the research work which Dr. Bogart describes. The later integration, particularly in the continental United States and in the European Theater, was greatly assisted by the findings of the research group. Here in Germany the integration program has worked splendidly without major unfavorable incidents. It is my opinion that the fact that the program was started without fanfare or publicity prevented extremists from interfering during the critical early stages and made it easier to attain a successful conclusion.

A. C. MCAULIFFE
Lieutenant General, USA
Commanding, U.S. Seventh Army

To the Editor: The two stories on successful integration [by Leo Bogart and Douglass Cater] were read with much interest. I might say that the integration I myself ordered in the Michigan National Guard has met with equally significant success both in service and socially.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Governor, State of Michigan
Lansing

To the Editor: The report on the Army's program of integrating Negro and white troops should be of considerable encouragement as we face the problem of desegregation in the schools of the nation. I enjoyed reading it very much.

W. MORRISON MCCALL
Director,
Division of Elementary Education,
State of Alabama
Montgomery

To the Editor: I want you to know that we have no integration problems in Kansas. We are probably fifty years ahead of most states in this particular field.

FRED HALL
Governor, State of Kansas
Topeka

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

NO ONE is unaware that danger to our foreign policy in Asia is localized in two main areas: Formosa and Vietnam. We dealt with the Formosa situation in our last issue; we deal now with Vietnam—where the first rule our policymakers should follow is: Know your enemy. **Robert Shaplen's** long article deals with Ho Chi Minh—certainly one of the key figures in Asia and one whose background and complex personality have been inadequately described. That he is our enemy is obvious. He belongs to that particularly dangerous species of men whose nervous system has been rewired to make it obedient to remote control from Moscow. Leader of a nationalist movement, he is an outstanding product of international Communism. Mr. Shaplen's understanding of Asia began when he was a war correspondent for *Newsweek* in the Pacific. He is the author of *Corner of the World* and *Free Love and Heavenly Sinners.*

To round out our report on Vietnam we bring **Joseph Buttinger's** considerably more optimistic view of the situation. Mr. Buttinger, the author of *In the Twilight of Socialism*, recently returned from Saigon, where he established a headquarters for the International Rescue Committee, of which he has been a director since its founding in 1941.

WHEN our staff writer **Marya Mannes** covered the trial of the Brooklyn teen-age sadists, she went on a painful assignment. It is the grotesque story of an extreme case, but it throws light on the emotional disturbance that is to be observed after every war among young people —and not in America alone. We cannot just shudder in horror at this crime for crime's sake; society must try to see what can be done. Some of the trouble may have its origin in the aimlessness described elsewhere in this issue in a story by **Andy Lewis,** whose fictional account is as real as any straight reporting. Mr. Lewis is on the staff of the Ford Foundation's TV-Radio Workshop.

William H. Hessler, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* succeeds in making vivid a quiet and unobtrusive man who is doing a remarkably good job—Arthur S. Flemming, director of the Office of Defense Mobilization.

There has been a great deal of talk about Pakistan as one of the bulwarks of the free world. Our readers will not be too shocked to find out that the democratic freedoms in that country are, as **Max Ascoli's** editorial puts it, of a rather unconventional nature. One must feel sympathy for this nation which is trying to telescope in a very short period a process that has taken centuries for the nations of the West to carry through. **Philip Deane** is correspondent for the London *Observer* in New Delhi.

Basil Davidson's article on the Belgian Congo reveals an extraordinarily rare type of colonialism: Abandoning violence, aside from being morally praiseworthy, pays dividends. Mr. Davidson is the author of *Report on Southern Africa* and other books.

Madeleine Chapsal, a French critic and a frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* tells us about Simone de Beauvoir's Goncourt Prize-winner, *Les Mandarins.* Prize or no prize, this book, by a writer who is not exactly one of our favorites and which describes characters that are not exactly to our liking, is important. Its vivid description of French intellectuals who are stubbornly antagonistic to America would be enough to make this book a remarkable one. Americans will have to wait until 1956 for the English translation—a long delay but justified by the difficulty of carrying over to our language certain descriptions of the psychological intricacies and sex problems of the book's protagonists.

Lee Culpepper is a member of *The Reporter* staff.

We are glad to bring to our readers a broadcast by **Chet Huntley,** one of our most able commentators and one whose reputation is firmly established on the West Coast.

Our cover is by **Tony Ruta.**

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A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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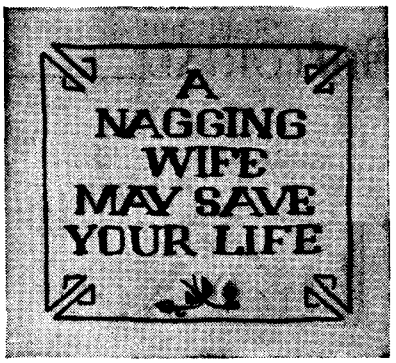

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The New Great Debate

SENATOR KNOWLAND was unquestionably right when, last November 15, he asked for a full Congressional inquiry into the foreign and defense policies of our nation. At least on this point, there should be no partisan quarrel: Even a new Great Debate, with all its histrionics, is not too high a price to pay for the badly overdue reorientation of our foreign policy. The debate had better start right away, for, as Senator Knowland said, time is running out. Next April, the Asian-African Conference will be convened in Bandung, Indonesia.

Our country cannot scoff at continentalism or bicontinentalism: Eisenhower's America finds itself committed by President Monroe's doctrine. Together with continentalism, anti-colonialism has been for the United States a time-hallowed standard of rhetoric, supported by a fairly consistent record of performance.

Yet in spite of this record the United States is now a power that most of the countries of Asia and Africa either mistrust or fear. The Asia-for-the-Asians drive may end with the Asians all being gobbled up by the biggest and most voracious fish in Asia—Red China. Actually, Red China is bent on playing in Asia the role which according to the Communists has been ours in the Western Hemisphere. The Communist claim is an unmitigated lie, but Red China's will to impose on the whole of Asia its imperial power is a horribly real fact.

The American inclination has been to answer the threat of Communist imperialism in Asia as well as in Europe with a sort of a global Monroe Doctrine. This is perhaps one of the basic assumptions of our foreign policy that most urgently needs to be questioned. For the global Monroe Doctrine—at least in Asia—has not worked.

While the nations of the West have become alerted in various degrees to the threat of Communist imperialism, those of the East have still too vivid a memory of the old uncamouflaged type of colonialism to recognize the threat of the new one.

The NATO structure has served the West well—evidence being the constantly growing Communist outcry against it. But perhaps our greatest mistake is the assumption that the chain of alliances which has proved effective in the West can serve equally in the East. The sham Eastern NATO is very much like a dental set resting on a few cavity-ridden shaky teeth. This kind of denture may be good for grinning, but not for hard biting.

Neutralism has not made, so far, substantial headway in the West, but it is sweeping the non-Communist East. In the coming Asian-African Conference, it may organize itself on a bicontinental basis. Or the conference may pave the way to Mao's triumph.

WHAT ought to be debated now, in Congress and out of Congress, is whether we should not revise our attitude toward the neutralism of the non-Communist nations of the East, understand it, and help to make it real. Perhaps the interest of our country and of the West would best be served by assisting the eastern powers to make their neutralities at the same time armed, collective, and positive. We should not worry if these neutral nations are collectively armed, since we know that in our time aggression can only come from one quarter. We should help these nations make their neutrality positive, so that their national sovereignty may become rooted in national solvency and in the peoples' well-being.

We ourselves can be somewhat neutral or detached when it comes to judging the domestic order of the eastern nations. We can help the Pakistani people reach a decent measure of welfare, even if their democracy is of a rather unconventional character. We can establish some solid understanding with that truly remarkable man Nehru without necessarily cussing or swooning whenever we mention him.

Mao's Government will be present at the Asian-African Conference, as well as Ho Chi Minh's. These men are masters at intrigue and blackmail. Should we play their game vicariously through the few allies we shall have at the conference? Or should we urge these allies to shun the conference and give Mao and Ho the chance to have their way?

We must face the Asian-African Conference with the patience and discretion that become the strong. As the nation that set the pattern both for neutralism and for continentalism, we can show the way to the peoples of Asia and Africa. For without becoming a militaristic or imperialistic power, without loosening the ties with the other republics of our hemisphere, we have finally found in the United Nations the way to outgrow both continentalism and neutralism. We can also show by deeds—our own and those of the United Nations—how assistance can be given to hard-pressed peoples struggling against old and new colonialisms.

In South Vietnam, for instance—and right now.

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The Enigma Of Ho Chi Minh

ROBERT SHAPLEN

"WE MUST be vigilant and be on our guard against the plans of the imperialistic Americans who are seeking to intervene in Indo-China, to incite their lackeys to sabotage the armistice and thus cause war."

This admonition, part of a New Year's message from President Ho Chi Minh to the people of the world's newest Communist nation, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, was the keynote of a five-hour anti-American demonstration on January 1 in Hanoi, the city Ho forsook for the jungle eight long years ago to wage war against the French. Late last October, in the wake of the Geneva Conference, Ho triumphantly emerged from the forest, ending rumors that he had died there, and re-entered Hanoi with his victorious Vietminh troops. A secret film I have seen shows him to be the same frail, stooped wisp of a man whose fabled endurance of body and soul are almost visible aspects of his being, in contrast to the submerged shrewdness and guile that have also marked his long career as one of the most adroit performers on the stage of world revolution. With typical "humility," Ho rejected a gala public ceremony. He arrived in a captured three-quarter-ton French army truck, shook hands with members of the armistice commission, discussed the Geneva settlement terms over tea at a long table outdoors, and then made a brief appearance before a gathering of veteran co-workers and friends. Appearing dramatically from behind a curtain in a large reception hall, Ho smiled and reminded his audience, "I am an old guerrilla fighter, you know."

No one can gainsay Ho's abilities as a guerrilla leader, least of all a former young lieutenant in the United States Army whom I interviewed recently and whom I shall call John. John came to know Ho in his natural habitat, the Tonkin jungle. The time: May, 1945. Mood: unrestrained affection for all Americans.

Jungle Love Feast

John parachuted into Ho's headquarters near the village of Kim Lung in northern Tonkin on a mission to establish an underground that would help Allied personnel escape to freedom from Japanese-held territories. Kim Lung lies on the edge of a heavy rain forest, thickly underlaid by brush. Amid sugarloaf mountains lie tiny valleys, and in one of these, near a small stream halfway up a high hill, was Ho Chi Minh's camp of four huts. Each hut was twelve feet square, set four feet off the ground on bamboo stakes, and Ho's was as bare as the others.

In this crude revolutionary cradle deep in a Japanese-held area, John had the unique experience of living and working with Ho for several months. He found Ho completely cooperative in lending the support of his guerrillas for scouting and raiding parties, including one to rescue some French internees near the Chinese border. John used his portable radio to put Ho in preliminary touch with the French negotiators at Kunming who would soon be debating Indo-China's postwar future with Ho, but the young American played a more immediate role in Vietnamese affairs by informally helping Ho frame a declaration of independence.

"He kept asking me if I could remember the language of our Declaration," John says. "I was a normal American, so I couldn't. I could have wired up to Kunming and had a copy dropped to me, of course, but all he really wanted was the flavor of the thing. The more we chatted about it, the more he actually seemed to know about it than I did. As a matter of fact, he knew more about almost everything than I did. When I thought his demands were too stiff I told him anyway. Strange thing was, he listened. He was an awfully sweet guy. If I had to pick out one quality about that little old man sitting on his hill in the jungle, it was his gentleness."

HO AND JOHN exchanged toasts and shared stewed tiger livers. Somewhat naïvely, John now admits, he was prepared to take Ho's word that he was not a Communist. Even if he was, John says, Ho was sincere in wanting to work with the West, especially with France and the United States. Some of Ho's followers impressed John less. "They go charging around with great fervor shouting 'Independence!' but seventy-five per cent of them don't know the meaning of the word," he wrote in his diary. John still has two letters in English Ho sent him in the jungle. One of them, written soon after the Japanese surrender, when the Vietminh was about to seize temporary control of Indo-China before the long war began, reads as follows:

Dear Lt. (———).

I feel weaker since you left. Maybe I'd have to follow your advice—moving to some other place where food is easy to get, to improve my health . . .

I'm sending you a bottle of wine, hope you like it.

Be so kind as to give me foreign news you got.

. . . Please be good enuf to send to your H.Q. the following wire:

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"National Liberation Committee of VML begs U. S. A. authorities to inform United Nations the following. We were fighting Japs on the side of the United Nations. Now Japs surrendered. We beg United Nations to realize their solemn promise that all nationalities will be given democracy & independence. If United Nations forget their solemn promise & don't grant Indo-China full independence, we will keep on fighting until we get it.

"Signed—National Liberation Committee of VML."

Thank you for all the troubles I give you . . . Best greetings!

Yours sincerely,

Hoo [sic]

WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR the difference between 1945 and 1955, between John's jungle love feast with Ho Chi Minh—a true vignette of the vast prestige America then enjoyed in Asia—and the bitter tea of Geneva?

There are as many or more sophisticated, tough-fibered, and hardheaded Frenchmen and Americans as there are naïve ones who still insist that we should have reacted to Ho's wooing and taken a calculated risk by trying to win him to our side in the immediate postwar period and perhaps even later. They maintain this even though Ho has never wavered from a straight Marxist-Leninist course.

Despite his orthodox ideological convictions (or perhaps because they are so orthodox) and because Indo-China was a long way from Stalin's Moscow, Ho has in fact written his own unique revolutionary case history. Unlike Tito, he confronts us not as a blustery apostate or pseudo apostate but as a kind of Old Bolshevik maverick, a last Marxist Mohican in the anti-colonial Southeast Asia wilderness.

Perhaps Ho did bewitch a handful of Americans late in the war and the months afterward. But there is considerably more evidence than John's alone to substantiate the theory that Ho meant what he said—that he very much wanted the friendship of liberal Americans and liberal Frenchmen, with whose help he hoped to steer a moderate course to Vietnamese freedom. Was it only a game he was playing, as a superb actor, and did he simply use this small group of foreign friends to further his own revolutionary cause under Moscow's directon? Perhaps, but it must be remembered that Moscow was far away, that it had done little to help Ho through the difficult years of the Second World War, and, perhaps even more significantly, that the China across the northern border had not yet gone Communist. Who, then, more than anti-colonial Americans were in a position to help Ho win liberty from France and simultaneously ward off Chinese penetration?

OFFICIAL WARTIME American policy had been both positive and vague about Indo-China, and the contradiction had been compounded in the field. President Roosevelt had been in favor of a trusteeship for the country when the war was over. He had obtained the approval of Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, both of whom glibly denied coveting Indo-China and expressed themselves as favoring ultimate independence for the Vietnamese. (Churchill reacted to these disavowals and avowals by barking out the word "Nonsense," but Roosevelt, in his best country-squire manner, told the Prime Minister that as an old imperialist he was prejudiced.) The President's antipathy to the wartime French leaders, including General Charles de Gaulle, had precluded him, however, from extending a helping hand to the Indo-China underground until after the Japanese coup of March 9, 1945, when Tokyo took over from the puppet Vichy colonial régime and interned French soldiers and citizens. Earlier, in October, 1944, Roosevelt had told Secretary of State Cordell Hull that "we should do nothing in regard to resistance groups or in any other way in relation to Indo-China."

Nguyen the Patriot

This presumably included Ho Chi Minh, although it is doubtful that Roosevelt had ever even heard of him. Ho had been a man of mystery and many names. Let us, for the moment, go back only to 1941, for that marked the beginning of Ho's march to success. He was then still known as Nguyen Ai Quoc (Nguyen the Patriot). For seven years he had been out of sight, and it was widely thought that he had died of tuberculosis in the jungle. In 1939, following the fall of the Popular Front in France, the Indo-China Communist Party that Ho had welded together was outlawed. He and the party went underground. In May, 1941, after abortive uprisings against both the French and the Japanese invaders and after the Japanese had established an obedient puppet régime of Vichy Frenchmen, Vietnamese Communists met with other nationalists at Tsin-li, just across the Tonkinese border in China. They reorganized their scattered ranks into the Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh Hoi, which came to be called the Vietminh for short.

The guiding spirit of the conference, the man selected as General Secretary, was Nguyen Ai Quoc, who had suddenly materialized out of the jungle.

AT THE END of 1941, the Kuomintang arrested Nguyen Ai Quoc, whom they knew to be a Communist. They described him as, of all things, "a French spy" and threw him into jail at Liuchow. The Kuomintang, eying Tonkin as the Chinese always have, had its own plans to build an anti-French "independence" movement around picked pro-Chinese Vietnamese. They soon discovered, however, that Nguyen Ai Quoc's Communist guerrillas were the only competent spies and plotters in Indo-China. No one else, with one exception, had a network of agents there. The exception was a civilian group of a dozen Allied businessmen, mostly oilmen, each of whom had his private company of French, Chinese, and Vietnamese agents engaged in protecting Allied property and gathering intelligence.

Late in 1942, Nguyen Ai Quoc sent word from his prison cell to the southern Chinese war lord, Chang Fa Kwei, a member of the Kuomintang. Ho offered, if liberated, to organize a better intelligence network than the Chinese had been able to set up in Indo-China. Chang Fa Kwei had his own ideas about Indo-China, and they didn't necessarily include Chiang Kai-shek, with whom he frequently had fought for power. He ordered Nguyen Ai Quoc set free from the Liuchow jail without telling Chiang. Nguyen Ai Quoc thereupon adopted the name of Ho Chi Minh (He Who Shines) in order to conceal his identity from Chiang's secret-police chief, Tai Li. Ho became the directing head of the

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umbrella organization of Vietnamese groups called the Dong Minh Hoi, which the Kuomintang was sponsoring and of which the Communist-dominated Vietminh had by now become a part.

The Vietminh built up its own political strength at the expense of the other Dong Minh Hoi organizations, and by the end of 1944 it had an independent army of ten thousand rebels under the command of Vo Nguyen Giap, a young lawyer and teacher who ten years later led the siege of Dienbienphu. In time, however, Ho's secret leaked out, and relations between him and the Kuomintang became strained.

Looking for Help

In the second half of 1944, Ho began to turn to the Americans. What took place over the next two years, including the strange jungle seminar in American history that took place between Ho and young American soldiers like John, had overtones of comic opera. When Ho came secretly on four separate occasions to the Office of Strategic Services in Kunming late in 1944 and early in 1945 seeking arms and ammunition in return for intelligence, sabotage against the Japanese, and continued aid in rescuing shot-down Allied pilots, he was rejected. According to Paul L. E. Helliwell, now a Miami lawyer, who was an OSS intelligence chief in China at the time, ". . . OSS/China was at all times consistent in its policy of giving no help to individuals such as Ho who were known Communists and therefore obvious post-war sources of trouble." The decision was principally based, Helliwell admits, on Ho's refusal to pledge that any arms he received would be used only against the Japanese and not against the French.

Ho kept on trying. Helliwell finally gave him six .38-caliber revolvers and one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition. Subsequently Ho wrote to Richard Heppner, now a New York lawyer, who was chief of OSS in China late in the war, requesting the help of the United States, which had already promised to give the Philippines their freedom, in pressuring the French to grant Indo-China independence. Ho did get some slight assistance from OSS and other American agencies over and above Helliwell's six pistols.

The British, however, were somewhat more helpful and dropped supplies to both Free French and Vietminh guerrillas. In November, 1944, Ho walked back into Tonkin from Yungning (Nanning) with about two hundred of his Vietminh followers, moving in small bands. With him went a representative of the civilian group of American businessmen.

In the northern Tonkin jungle, in a mixed-up area where Chinese bandits, Free French and American paratroopers, and various groups of nationalists were all active, Ho set up revolutionary shop. Vietminh troops under young Giap soon ruled the roost, harassing the Japanese, whipping up support for Vietnamese freedom, and helping more Allied pilots toward Kunming. An American who was with Ho at his forest headquarters has said, "You've got to judge someone on the basis of what he wants. If it weren't for the war, of course, Ho wouldn't have had a snowball's chance in hell against the long background of French colonialism. He was afraid of the Chinese because they'd always demand their pound of flesh. Moscow, so far off, was good at blowing up bridges but no good at building them again. I think he was ready to remain pro-West."

The Escoffier Period

There is a lot in Ho's past to contradict this assumption. Nevertheless, in spite of his Communist pedigree, his character is a complex one. The disciplined, doctrinaire party loyalist is at the same time a passionate, proud, supremely individualistic Asian nationalist. His strategy and tactics have always been his own as much as Moscow's, although a lack of alternatives has usually kept him on Moscow Time.

He was born in 1890 (some sources say 1892) in Kim Lien, a part of Annam known for its revolutionaries. His real name was Nguyen Van Thanh and he was the son of a poor native prefect. In 1911, after having attended high school in Hué, Ho left his home and shipped as a cabin boy aboard a vessel bound for France. For the next three years he traveled around the world, usually as a cook's helper, and managed in his spare time to read everything he could lay his hands on, from Shakespeare to Tolstoy to Marx. His wandering also helped develop his extraordinary linguistic talents: He now speaks French, English, Russian, German, Czech, Japanese, and three Chinese and various Annamese dialects.

In 1914 he debarked at Le Havre and, having decided to devote his life to the revolution, adopted the underground name of Nguyen Ai Quoc. He went to London, where he joined a secret Annamite group called "The Overseas Workers." He stoked furnaces and did other menial jobs for a living; for a time he worked in the Carlton Hotel kitchen as a dishwasher, in the time of the famous chef Escoffier. During the First World War he turned up in Paris, and after studying photography set himself up in a tiny Montmartre room and studio, advertising "Good Portraits. Handsome Frames" for forty-five francs.

Ho soon joined the French Socialist Party, and got to know men like Léon Blum, Marius Moutet, and Jean Longuet. The latter, Karl Marx's grandson, invited the intense but shy little Annamite to write for *Le Populaire*. Ho divided his time between small cultural clubs, chiefly the Club du Faubourg, and various radical political groups. At the for-

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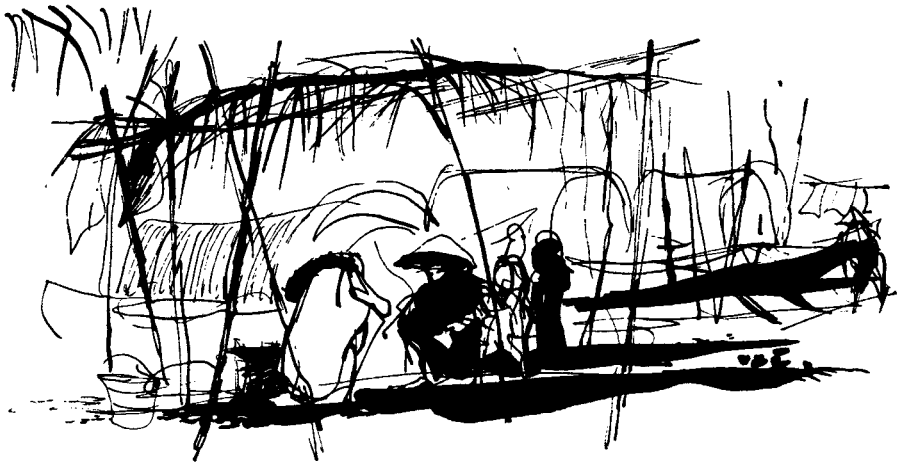
mer he heatedly debated such subjects as hypnotism and astronomy, and particularly enjoyed the endless discussions about dreams, the soul, and death. He even wrote a play, *The Bamboo Dragon,* which one critic described as "animated by an Aristophanic verve." A French member of the club recalls Ho as a man who had no time for women or drink—his one vice was American cigarettes. "He was reserved but not timid," this man says. "He was *sympathique* but not at all fanatic, and very witty. He seemed always to be mocking the world and at the same time to be mocking himself."



As Ho's speaking facility improved, he intensified his agitation among the sixty thousand Indo-Chinese then living in France. In 1919, wearing a rented dress suit, he showed up at the Versailles Peace Conference, seeking to deliver an appeal for Vietnamese freedom; he was not accorded a hearing.

The next year, when the Socialist Party met at Tours, deeply divided on its future course of action, Ho voted with the left majority to break away and join the new French Communist Party under Marcel Cachin. Since the newly organized Communist International was itself divided on the question of Moscow control, Ho was able to express his opinions freely. He took the side of the anti-Moscow independents without openly joining any faction. Ruth Fischer, a well-known former German Communist who knew Ho during this period, has written, ". . . it was Ho Chi Minh's nationalism which impressed us European Communists born and bred in a rather grey kind of abstract internationalism."

To Moscow

In 1922 Ho made his first pilgrimage to Moscow to attend the International School of Marxism. He also came into contact with Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, and Communist leaders from other nations, who recognized him as a worthy addition to the international *apparat.* After attending the 1923 Congress of International Peasantry (Krestintern) as a French Communist delegate, Ho remained in Moscow to complete his revolutionary course. There is evidence that he was then sent for a brief time to Boston with a Soviet economic mission, but in the spring of 1925 he was taken to Canton by Mikhail Borodin, the top Soviet adviser to the Kuomintang, for whom he worked as a translator. At the same time he was secretly setting up the Thanh Nien (Association of Revolutionary Annamite Youth), the first real Communist organization in Indo-China. In 1927, after the Kuomintang-Communist split in China, Ho returned to Moscow via Hankow, but he left behind a carefully constructed network of 250 Annamite Communists.

Back in Russia, Ho came to be accepted as an Asian expert. He kept out of internecine party battles and thus stepped easily into the world of Stalin after the purges, but there is no evidence to indicate that his personal standing with Stalin was anywhere near as high as it had been with the old guard. In fact, Stalin being Stalin, there was more reason to suppose he came to mistrust Ho but accepted him with qualifications in accordance with the then greater latitude being allowed Asian Communists to develop in their own way.

In 1928, Ho seems to have reached Siam (Thailand), where he organized thousands of local Annamites and directed "agitprop" (agitation and propaganda) in Malaya, Siam, and the Dutch East Indies.

Early in 1930 he went secretly to Hong Kong to reunify elements of the Thanh Nien he had created back in 1925, which had split into factions fighting for Comintern recognition. He formed the new Indo-China Communist Party, which the Comintern promptly accepted. The headquarters of the party were transferred from Hong Kong to Indo-China, but Ho remained in the British crown colony in his capacity as Comintern leader. He made brief trips to Hanoi, however, and on one occasion escaped from the French police by stripping to the waist, grabbing a ricksha, and pulling an old lady with vegetables in her lap beyond the security cordon. The French were discouraged. "It is useless to try to buy him; he is completely 'disinterested,'" a Sûreté report declared. At the instigation of the French, however, the British arrested Ho in mid-1931 in Hong Kong. He was kept in prison for eighteen months and nearly died of tuberculosis. After his release, British officials in London revoked an "agreement" whereby he was to be turned over to the French (which would have meant death or life imprisonment) and ordered that he be kept in British jurisdiction. Shortly thereafter, Ho "escaped" to Amoy. There is a story that he agreed to work for British intelligence.

Family Life

Now come the most obscure years in Ho Chi Minh's life—from 1933 until he showed up in south China in 1941. During this time he is said to have married or taken on a regular concubine, by whom he had a daughter who later worked anonymously for the Vietminh and then disappeared. After spending some time recovering his health in northern Indo-China hideouts, Ho resumed his career as an underground organizer of Communist cells in Southeast Asia.

The extent of Ho's disciplined Communist behavior in the 1930's

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remains a matter of some debate. The French insist he obediently carried out Moscow's orders and even passed part of the time teaching at the Lenin School in Moscow. "I do not think Ho has ever been a free man," one high French official says. On the other hand, Maurice Thorez, the French Communist chief, is known to have remarked, "We cannot trust Ho—he is a Trotskyite himself at heart." Ho has made no bones about his obligations as a Communist on an international plane. He once told a French Communist friend, "I am a professional revolutionary. I am always on strict orders. My itinerary is always carefully prescribed—and you can't deviate from the route, can you?" But certainly the great passion of his life has always been a free Vietnam.

Back to the Jungle

In the light of the above summary of Ho's career as a long-time trusted worker in Communist vineyards, let us return to the jungle and to the month just before the end of the war in 1945, when he was sounding out the French in China over the radio of the young American lieutenant, John.

The message John sent out for Ho reached Léon Pignon, a French political careerist, who was to be High Commissioner of Indo-China in 1948, and Major Jean Sainteny, a Free French Army officer who is today the chief French representative in North Vietnam. After reading Ho's demands for a guarantee of independence from France in five to ten years, Pignon and Sainteny replied that they were willing to negotiate, but no time or place was set. By this time the Americans were posing a new problem for the French, who were quite willing to take any material help they could get, but who wanted to avoid direct American involvement. Helliwell, the former OSS intelligence head, now says: "It was perfectly obvious by June of 1945 that the French were infinitely more concerned with keeping the Americans out of Indo-China than they were in defeating the Japanese."

Not many Americans got into Tonkin, but several OSS teams were dropped in the jungle, and in their wake Ho's forces managed to augment their supplies with a small amount of tommy guns and carbines. They moved swiftly at the end of the war to carry out Ho's orders for a general insurrection, and at once occupied both Saigon in the south and Hanoi in the north.

All over Indo-China there was rising support for independence. The Japanese-supported puppet emperor, Bao Dai, abdicated in favor of the new Government and became Ho's "Supreme Political Adviser." In the south, where British troops were on occupation duty until the French could return in force, the Vietnamese were driven out of Saigon into the countryside by a handful of local rearmed Vichy troops aided by Japanese soldiers acting as British policemen. In the north, where the Chinese were the formal occupiers, the new Government of Ho Chi Minh was tacitly accepted.

Ho had now to deal with the French, specifically with Pignon and Sainteny. Sainteny arrived first. On August 22, a week after the Japanese surrender, he landed in Hanoi in a C-47 with Major Archimedes Patti of OSS. Patti's mission was to liberate war prisoners, for which he had to obtain the co-operation of the Japanese. (The Chinese had not yet arrived.) Sainteny found himself immediately hamstrung by the Vietminh and by the Japanese, who, with Patti's apparent blessing, completely restricted his movements on the grounds of his personal safety and kept several hundred French citizens virtually locked up in the Hotel Métropole.

Within a few weeks, other American officers arrived in Hanoi, among them some high brass of the China Combat Command. At the same time came a number of American correspondents. Their sympathies, in the typical American fashion of supporting the underdog, were clearly with the Vietminh and especially with Ho. Major Patti made no bones about favoring Vietnamese independence—French sources say he even offered to help Ho get arms, and that an American general on the scene indicated he had some business connections that would sell the new régime heavy equipment. The sympathy many Americans had for Ho late in 1945 and early in 1946 found expression in the formation of a Vietnam-American Friendship Association.

Major Sainteny later referred to the Americans' "infantile anti-colonialism, which blinded almost all of them." Despite his dismay, it was Sainteny who, more than any other Frenchman, was to sympathize with Ho Chi Minh and try to promote a real policy of co-operation with him. Pignon, who was more interested in building up other nationalists than in adopting Ho, was also impressed but was less sure of his sincerity. From the outset, Pignon had no illusions about "Ho's Communist face" and considered him "a great actor." Nevertheless, both Frenchmen regarded Ho as "a man of peace," and Pignon's reservations about Ho's honesty did not include skepticism about Ho's preference for moderation and compromise over killing. The two French negotiators differed most strongly perhaps on Ho's humility and pride. Sainteny was always impressed with the first; Pignon flashed warning signals about the second.

A Trip to France

Sainteny did most of the negotiating with Ho that led to the agreement of March 6, 1946, whereby France recognized Vietnam in the north as a "free" government belonging to the French Union. "While we want to govern ourselves," Ho said, ". . . I need your professional men, your engineers and your capital to build a strong and independent Vietnam." Sainteny says that Ho wanted the French Union to be constructed with "a Vietnamese cornerstone . . . He wanted independence for his country, but it was to France herself that he wanted to owe it . . . It is certainly regrettable that France minimized this man and was unable to understand his value and the power he disposed of."

Sainteny points out that China was Vietnam's age-old enemy, that American overtures were already "rather disappointing," and that, "against the wishes of an important faction of his party," Ho was not inclined to look for aid in Moscow, "which he knew too well." He admits, however, that Ho's preference for French backing was partly predicated on the expectations of a Communist

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victory in France. When the Communists in France lost out, Sainteny says, Ho needed the support of French liberals and moderates more than ever if he was successfully to "muzzle his opposition" in Vietnam.

When Ho concluded the March, 1946, agreement with Sainteny, he made a direct and dramatic appeal to the Vietnamese at an outdoor meeting in Hanoi: "Fellow countrymen who have followed me up to now, follow me once more!" Two months later Ho left for France with a small delegation to negotiate an implementation of the March contract. During the summer, with Ho away and with both Sainteny and Pignon also out of Hanoi, the extremists (led by Giap, who is today the Commander in Chief of the Vietminh army) gained strength at the expense of the non-Communist nationalists.

Terror struck the country, both in the north and south, and Frenchmen and their Vietnamese supporters were assassinated by the score. There are those who say this was all part of the game, that Ho stayed in France as the pretender of peace, tortuously seeking an agreement and remaining blameless, on the surface, for the extremism of his comrades back home. Others, including Sainteny, see no such Machiavellianism. Whatever the true facts may be, this period was the turning point for Indo-China in the postwar period.

HO, IN PARIS, in Biarritz where he rested, and in Fontainebleau, where the negotiations were conducted, was a huge personal success. He charmed everyone, especially the press. He gave roses to girl reporters, and signed his name in blood for an American correspondent. He was compared with Confucius, Buddha, and St. John the Baptist, and was described as a doting grandfather and a stern and ardent prohibitionist. Everywhere he went, whether at the opera, a fancy reception, a picnic, or a press conference, he appeared in his simple, high-buttoned linen work suit.

In point of accomplishment, Ho's trip was far less successful. The fault, now generally admitted, was chiefly that of the French; while the conference went on, they were violating its spirit by simultaneously fostering their set idea of a loose federation in Indo-China consisting of three separate states, an idea that remained anathema to the Vietminh, which insisted on a unified nation. In this connection the French set up a republic in Cochin China.

Meanwhile in France itself, the shakiness of the national government delayed the start of the sessions with Ho. He went to Biarritz to fish and wait. When he and Sainteny flew up to Paris for the talks, Sainteny described him as "pale, eyes brilliant, and tight-throated," and he quoted Ho as saying, "Above all, don't leave me, whatever you do." As the conference dawdled in the shadow of defeat, a combined result of the French activities in Indo-China and the bellicose statements the Vietminh extremists were making in Hanoi, Ho grew more and more restless. Sainteny agreed that he ought to return to Hanoi as soon as possible. "What would I be able to do if I went home empty-handed? . . . Arm me against those who would seek to displace me. You will not regret it."

It was a significant plea, as significant as what Ho said on another evening to Sainteny and Marius Moutet, the Socialist Minister of Overseas Territories: "If we have to fight, we will fight. You will kill ten of our men and we will kill one of yours, and in the end it will be you who will tire of it."

AT MIDNIGHT on September 14, 1946, the frail figure of Ho Chi Minh, in military tunic, walked out of the Hotel Royal-Monceau in Paris (the Fontainebleau sessions had ended) and strolled to Moutet's house nearby. Here Ho and Moutet signed a *modus vivendi*, which merely underlined what had been agreed to in the spring and been vitiated since. Ho publicly called it "better than nothing," but he murmured to a security officer who accompanied him back to the hotel early in the morning, "I have just signed my death warrant."

Despite the failure of his mission, Ho had enjoyed his stay in Paris. Years before, standing on a bridge over the Seine, he had remarked to a Communist comrade, "What a wonderful city, what a wonderful scene!" When his friend had replied that Moscow was also beautiful, Ho had said, "Moscow is heroic; Paris is the joy of living." During the 1946 conference Ho had revisited some of his former haunts and, mixing socially with several foreign correspondents, had talked freely about himself and his politics. "Everyone has the right to his own doctrine," he had said. "I studied and chose Marx. Jesus said two thousand years ago that one should love one's enemies. That dogma has not been realized. When will Marxism be realized? . . . I do not know when it will be realized in Vietnam, where production is low. We are not yet in a position to meet the conditions."

Ho's self-analysis, in relation to Indo-China's development, is honest enough, at least in Marxist terms. From the outset, Marxism was far more than a blueprint for him; it was a *logique*. As one of the keenest Indo-China scholars, Paul Mus, has pointed out, it was acquired by Ho as a vital western weapon, an arsenal in fact, with which, as an Asian, he could combat his French masters. While the French took out rubber or rice or whatever else they wanted and sold it in the world market at a high profit, the Vietnamese lived under a system in which only human labor and not money, in any international sense, counted; in effect goods were bartered for subsistence. Such an economic condition became the fulcrum of Ho's anger and drove him almost inevitably to Marxism. As Mus adds, ". . . he became a Leninist, since Lenin was faced in Russia with the same problem of the vacuum at the village level. Ho was successful because he remained true to Leninism and Marxism. In this sense, straightforward according to *his* view, he belongs to a proper fraternity."

'My Weapon Is Anger'

Mus met Ho in 1947 while serving as a French negotiator and has the same strange fondness for him most persons have retained. "I have no reason, as a Frenchman, to like Ho for what has happened between our two countries," Mus says now, "but still I like him. I am not afraid to say so. I like him for his strong mind. Although he is a great actor —one cannot afford to be naïve with him—he does not go back on his word. He believes in the truth as he sees it, but he is a Marxist, and

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that is where we part company." He quotes Ho as telling him eight years ago, "My only weapon is anger . . . I won't disarm my people until I trust you."

Ho's willingness to deal with the French, Mus believes, was largely predicated on his need for French advice, above all for financial advisers. "Marxist doctrine calls for the proletarian state to use, at least temporarily, the accountancy of the bourgeois-capitalist countries," Mus points out. Because of the inbred economy imposed by the Bank of Indo-China, Ho knew that Vietnam could not stand on its own feet, either in terms of money or in trade. He also knew he could not rely on the colonial French. His political approach was through metropolitan France. "If we had supported him more strongly then," Mus says, "we might have been the better for it . . . We thought we could crush him if it came to war. We did not appreciate how hard he could fight. But we must not forget that he really wanted an agreement with France at the time of Fontainebleau because it would have served him. That part of his motivation is now dead, of course, but we should understand that he was truly disappointed."

Not a Coward

When Ho returned from France, he was confronted with a difficult internal political situation. While the conflict between himself and the "extremists" has probably been exaggerated, there is no doubt that the younger men around Ho, especially Giap and Dang Xuan Khu, disapproved of his moderation and patience at Fontainebleau. They almost certainly wanted to move on to violence at once. Considerable conjecture about Ho's troubles with this group soon arose, and then shifted to speculation that ranged from rumors of Ho's retirement into mere figurehead status to the increasingly heard report, of which the French sporadically claimed proof, that he was dead. It is a fact that for many months at a time he was not seen and hardly mentioned. This is what seems to have happened:

Ho became quite ill when he got back to Hanoi. During this period he may have been under some protective form of house arrest (British sources insist this was the case); apparently he was moved in and out of a nearby jungle headquarters regularly, usually at night. Various elements inside and outside of the Vietminh, among them the old pro-Chinese groups, openly accused Ho of having sold out to France with the *modus vivendi,* and tracts distributed in the Hanoi area bitterly attacked him. "When a man remains in foreign countries for a long while, he becomes their slave," one of them read.

If Ho was temporarily and perhaps deliberately kept in the background, his "eclipse" did not last long. His policy of moderation was surely in evidence once more in the fall of 1946, when a constitution of surprising temperance, by Communist standards, was adopted. Two months later, however, full-fledged war between the French and the Vietminh began, after a terroristic outbreak in Hanoi and a customs dispute in Haiphong. Both sides by then seemed not only ready but eager to fight.

Ho and his Government fled into the jungle. Significantly, by April, 1947, Ho's position as the commanding figure in the Vietminh was undeniable. That month Paul Mus traveled through the forest as a French emissary to meet Ho and offer him what amounted to terms of unconditional surrender. When Ho asked Mus if he, in Ho's place, would accept them, Mus admitted that he wouldn't. "In the French Union there is no place for cowards," Ho then declared. "If I accepted these conditions, I should be one." Mus says it was completely obvious to him that Ho was running his own show, and that he had the power to reject the French offer without even having to consult the Tong Bo, the five-man Vietminh "Politburo."

Even though Ho had had trouble with the "extremists," even though he still seemed to be a moderate hoping for a rapprochement with France, there is still a possibility that he was also, as he always has been, Moscow's man. According to this theory, Moscow may very well have intervened secretly at some point to restore Ho to full power and prestige because some of the other Vietminh leaders, notably Dang Xuan Khu, were under the influence of the Chinese Communists rather than Moscow-oriented.

An interesting comment on Ho came at this time from none other than Bao Dai, whose brief tenure as Ho's adviser ended when he fled to Hong Kong, from where the French (urged by the American William C. Bullitt) shortly resurrected him to head an opposition Government. "During the few months I was in Hanoi as Supreme Councilor," Bao Dai said, "I saw Ho Chi Minh suffer. He was fighting a battle within himself. Ho had his own struggle. He realized Communism was not best for our country, but it was too late. He could not overcome his allegiance to Communism."

After Paul Mus's 1947 visit, no non-Communist Westerner is believed to have seen Ho in the jungle until late last year. On several occasions, however, he replied telegraphically to questions sent him by western correspondents. Gradually a somewhat altered edition of Ho evolved. While he became more cynical and coy, he also became more folksy. "Uncle Ho" the patriarch emerged. And as he increasingly became more anti-American, he hewed closer than ever to the Communist line as handed down by Moscow and by Peking as well. He continued, however, to speak the truth about himself, according to his own peculiar lights. "When I was young, I studied Buddhism, Confucianism, and Christianity as well as Marxism," he told a United Press questioner. "There is something good in each doctrine." Asked his opinion of American intentions in Asia, Ho snapped back, "Marshallization of

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the world." The Russians, he said, were against this. In the next breath, with sad truth, he declared that American aid "is a good thing if it goes directly to the people," thereby touching a sore spot inasmuch as the United States aid in Indo-China at the time was being funneled to the Vietnamese through yards of French red tape.

Ho denied vehemently that Vietnam was or could become Russia's or anyone's "satellite." He insisted that he could remain neutral, "like Switzerland," in the world power struggle. "If the Chinese Communists offer you artillery and heavy mortars, would you accept them?" he was asked. Ho fell back on coyness. "What friendly advice would you give us in that case?" he wired back. To a Siamese journalist who inquired, "Is there any truth in the rumors that Mao Tse-tung and you have set up a close relationship and that you favor Communism of the Moscow kind?," Ho replied, "What is astonishing is that many intelligent foreigners believe these French slanders."

EVENTS THEMSELVES belied Ho's last answer. Especially after 1950, he moved swiftly and snugly into the Moscow-Peking camp.

Chiefly, the Vietminh emphasized the dominant role of the working class, in accordance with the decisions of the Asian and Australasian Trade Union Conference held at Peking in November and December, 1949. Ho and Mao exchanged congratulatory cables, and soon thereafter eight hundred Vietnamese labor leaders met in rebel Indo-Chinese territory and, among panoplied pictures of Stalin, Mao, and Ho, demonstrated their total allegiance to Communism—lock, stock, and barrel. Titoism was properly attacked, although when Yugoslavia quickly recognized Ho's régime along with Soviet Russia and China, Ho had some embarrassing moments; he solved them by pointing out that he had announced his readiness to establish relations with "any government" while at the same time continuing to blast Tito on the Vietminh radio.

Early in 1951, when the Communists resumed their open leadership of the Vietminh movement by doing away with the fiction of Marxist study groups and setting up the Laodang (Workers) Party along strict party lines, Ho lapsed into another period of silence. It was then that rumors of his death in the jungle mounted. From time to time, Dang Xuan Khu, who became general secretary of the new party, or someone else in the hierarchy would publicly extol him. The tone grew reverential, with a Ho myth in the milder image of a Stalin myth being created, soon followed by another depicting a tougher, more rigid Ho.

Early in 1953, Joseph Starobin, correspondent of the New York *Daily Worker*, met Ho in the Tonkin jungle. He was not unexpectedly charmed by "the legendary president," who wore such simple peasant clothes and who knew so much about the world, including the novels of Howard Fast. Starobin was with Ho when Stalin died. He described the rapt jungle scene: " . . . rude benches illumined by candles set in a makeshift candelabra made out of bamboo; at the front . . . was a portrait of Stalin wreathed in flowers. Two violins played softly."

Malenkov, Mao, Ho

If Ho had been kept under wraps, they were quickly removed as victory drew close. Late in 1953, there were reports that Ho went to Moscow accompanied by the Russian Ambassador to Peking and by Li Li-san, a top Chinese Communist of Moscow orientation, to renegotiate aid to Vietnam—i.e., Korean surplus, for which the Russians allegedly agreed to reimburse the Chinese after it was shipped south. He was also widely quoted in several peace overtures. But Ho repeated the Moscow-Peking line to the last syllable, speaking volubly of the "criminal activities on the part of the United States for spreading the war of aggression in Asia" and even charging "American intervention" with having kept the Vietnamese from reaching an agreement with France.

In Hanoi today, where enormous pictures of Ho Chu Tich—President Ho—hang everywhere, the Ho legend is once more in full bloom. He is openly advertised as the third member of a Communist Big Three, along with Malenkov and Mao. Not surprisingly, far more acclaim is accorded things Soviet than things Chinese. The leadership of the new Government seems to be firmly in the hands of four men: Ho, Giap, Hoang Quoc Viet, and Pham Van Dong (who headed the Geneva delegation). For the moment at least, Dang Xuan Khu is in eclipse, which may mean nothing at all or may be an indication that his pro-Chinese line is out of favor.

NOT EVERYTHING changes. In his role as Delegate General to Ho's North Vietnam, Jean Sainteny is still anxious to promote an understanding between North Vietnam and France, although he defines it as "preventing bridges being burned." And Ho Chi Minh, still a Communist, still seeks help where he can get it. A few weeks ago, Ho and Sainteny signed their first agreement, which was chiefly concerned with the protection of French interests.

Whether Ho should be given further assistance, privately by French businessmen or officially by any country that is willing to help him rebuild torn Vietnam, has become an entirely different question than it once was. The American answer, in line with our policy of not recognizing or dealing with Communist China, is a firm No. While France flirts with the idea—"We think there

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ure still cards to be played in the game," says one French official in Hanoi—the United States has taken over the difficult task of shoring up the weak Government of South Vietnam. America is now the No. 1 enemy in Hanoi, and when Ho talks about the possibilities of more "mutual aid" between himself and France, there is always a veiled reference to what the United States is doing in the south.

An American Problem

Until we can see the results of our eleventh-hour gamble in South Vietnam, there is today no sensible gamble to be made on Ho. But Ho himself remains to be reckoned with—his strengths and weaknesses, the significance of his long, far-wandering role in Europe and Asia.

Ho Chi Minh may be called upon to play a role some day as a sort of Asian edition of the late Maxim Litvinov, whom Stalin invariably trotted out when he wanted to deal with the West. The possibilities of Ho being used in this way arise chiefly out of his relationship to Moscow rather than Peking and to the need, which may one day arise, for Moscow to find an Asian counter against the marked expansionism of Peking. Today Peking chooses to lend economic as well as military aid to North Vietnam, but the old Indo-Chinese fear of Chinese encroachment, Red or otherwise, remains an essential political factor which Moscow of Malenkov & Co. may find useful to play upon in due course.

Only history will tell how right or wrong Ho's American friends and, more importantly, Jean Sainteny and other Frenchmen were in their assessment of Ho's willingness to associate himself at least partly with the West in the immediate postwar period.

HO CAN afford to sit back and wait. He is close to the successful completion of his lifelong dream—a united, if doubtfully independent, Vietnam. Still a unique Communist personality, he is today perhaps the most important man to watch in Asia. He has not lived for more than sixty years in the jungle—the real jungle and the even more labyrinthine political jungle of the twentieth century—for nothing.

An Eyewitness Report On Vietnam

JOSEPH BUTTINGER

IF YOU STARTED OUT to visit a man who was reported to be dying and met him on his way to work, you could not be more surprised than I was last October when I visited South Vietnam, a country supposedly on the verge of collapse as a result of Communist infiltration.

Before leaving the United States, I had come to accept the unanimous verdict of our newspapers and magazines, and thought of my trip as a tragic opportunity to see an Asian country just before it was taken over by Communism. That is how I felt when I went to Saigon on behalf of the International Rescue Committee to set up a relief operation for refugee intellectuals from the Communist northern half of Vietnam.

AMONG the politically sophisticated, the idea that Communism in Asia can be stopped by other than drastic military means has long been abandoned as wishful thinking. The corollary is that because we are unwilling to go to war for Vietnam, the southern half of the country will follow the north into the Communist camp.

Once in Vietnam, it did not take me long to feel that I had been grossly misinformed, and the longer I stayed there the more this feeling was borne out by the facts I learned. I came to realize that the information about the hopelessness of the Vietnamese situation was of French origin. For different reasons, before and after Geneva the French have had a vested interest in maintaining that there wasn't much chance for an independent Vietnam. Like a doctor who has failed repeatedly in the treatment of a patient, the French have some reason for being dismayed at every evidence of the patient's vitality.

Yet this evidence exists. It has been said repeatedly in the U.S. press that the Premier of Vietnam, Ngo Dien Diem, is politically inexperienced. Actually some of the old French colonialists call Mr. Diem an American puppet, which is strange considering that they know through their own experience that for once they are dealing with nobody's pawn. Because he is firm, he is called "rigid"; because he is honest, he is called "politically inexperienced"; because he does not advertise himself, it is said he cannot win popular support; and because he is the first Vietnamese Premier who dares disobey the weakening French, it is said he is "unable to compromise."

Shooting Down Canards

Now let us look at the record:

¶As to the army, the dismissal of General Nguyen Van Hinh as chief of staff of the Vietnamese Army points up more than a dozen cases that could be cited. Not one of our correspondents saw that the fight between the Premier and General Hinh pivoted around the most important political issue in Vietnam since the shooting stopped. They saw only a personal quarrel between two ambitious men. They did not understand that for the Vietnamese this was the test of whether their new independence would be genuine and permanent or merely another colonialist maneuver.

General Hinh was no doubt well liked by many foreigners, but with the Vietnamese people and the army General Hinh was about as popular in 1954 as Pierre Laval was with the French in 1944. Support for the Premier has been growing ever since he proved, by winning out against General Hinh, that he is a stronger man than any of his French-supported predecessors and all the remaining puppets of the colonialists in his army and Administration.

¶Some correspondents continue to report that the armed politico-religious sects of South Vietnam are proof of disunity and their frequent clashes signs of serious disorder in

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the country. Anyone familiar with recent Vietnamese history knows that the present Administration has inherited them from the colonial régime. These sects are the Hoa Hao, the Cao Dai, and the Binh Xuyen. On Christmas Eve, Defense Minister Ho Thong Minh announced a cease-fire with the Hoa Hao after a sharp fight had resulted in the defeat of its forces by government troops at Longxuyen.

According to a January 10 dispatch from Homer Bigart to the New York *Herald Tribune*, General Trinh Minh The, a former Cao Dai leader, had earlier placed his anti-French, anti-Communist guerrilla army of five thousand men at the disposal of Premier Diem.

The third sect, the Binh Xuyen, operates the houses of prostitution and gambling establishments in Saigon and also controls the local police. Mr. Diem has issued a cease-and-desist order to its leader, General Le Van Vien. The closing of the brothels would drastically reduce the revenue not only of the Binh Xuyen but also of quite a few French-sponsored high personalities, who have made fortunes on gambling and prostitution.

¶Another feather in Mr. Diem's cap is the impressive and successful refugee evacuation from the north. According to the latest figures some six hundred thousand have now come south.

¶The Premier's recent creation of a propaganda campaign at the village level and the recruitment of ten thousand Vietnamese to do the job is an adroit move—particularly for a man who has been criticized for his lack of public-relations sense. The effort is intended, of course, to counteract earlier successes scored by Communist Vietminh propaganda.

¶French critics of Mr. Diem have said that a Communist underground administration controls about half the territory of South Vietnam, and that an election would give the Vietminh eighty per cent of the vote. A recent seventy-mile trip by the Premier through the villages of central Vietnam gave the lie to that. Mr. Diem attracted great crowds of enthusiastic demonstrators, and foreign correspondents accompanying him reflected their surprise in numerous dispatches.

¶Other hopeful signs are defections from the north. The latest of these, which occurred early in January, was that of the mayor of Hanoi and his associate, a member of the Vietminh delegation to Geneva.

Position Not Power

There is one big question that no American reporter in Vietnam has failed to ask: Why didn't the Premier use the power he was given six months ago to clean out corruption, to establish the authority of his government over the whole territory of the south, and to combat Communist infiltration? The simple answer is that he was not given power but merely an exalted position when he was appointed by Bao Dai.

Whatever power Mr. Diem had the day he took office consisted of his popularity as the only outstanding nationalist leader who had never agreed to become a puppet either of the colonialists, the Japanese, or the Vietminh, all of whom had wooed and subsequently maligned him for his refusal to serve causes that were not his country's. During its first months, the government of a nominally independent state had control neither of the army nor of the police. Both were commanded and controlled by French-sponsored officials of doubtful personal and political reputation. It is a testimony to the Premier's skill and strength that he has been slowly acquiring the power that he should have been given six months ago and that the story of his short term in office has finally become one of progress and consolidation.

The Issue: Independence

The real issue of Vietnam—misunderstood, neglected, or purposely left out of the picture—has never been Communism but nationalism. Indo-China's fight for national independence made the Communist Vietminh strong. Its power and its victory in the north stemmed from the French refusal of independence for Vietnam. The Vietminh uses no Communist slogans; its propaganda is all concerned with the fight for national independence. Even today the Communist line does not mention any specific social or economic issue. Communist propaganda lives on the presence of the French in Indo-China.

WHAT VIETNAM NEEDS is not millions of dollars but thousands of experts. It needs technical advice and aid. It needs political support. It needs our help in freeing itself from the remnants of a decaying colonialism. We should send there an ambassador with sympathy for the people's national aspirations, an understanding of their social and political problems, and the authority and strength required for a difficult political job.

It may be said that there is no time for this, for elections are supposed to take place next year. But if the present rate of progress in South Vietnam continues, then the United States and the free world have a right to ask that free elections be held in the country as a whole—though it is difficult to see how elections in the Communist-dominated north can be free. If elections are to be free, we must reconsider the Geneva agreement, which did not insist on U.N. supervision or any other guarantee. Time would be needed for that, but time is exactly what the consolidation of freedom and the firm establishment of a democratic order would require.

What Leclerc Said

The French Army has lost a war against a people determined to fight for its national independence. It will lose again if the struggle for Indo-China should once more become a military struggle. Only the people of South Vietnam can wage and win a war against Communist infiltration and aggression. May the leaders of the French nation soon learn what one of their generals—Leclerc—understood as long as eight years ago: "Anti-Communism will be a useless tool as long as the problem of nationalism remains unresolved."

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The 'Night of Horror' In Brooklyn

MARYA MANNES

DURING last November and December a trial was going on in Brooklyn. There was another trial going on at the same time in Cleveland, and that one was big news. It seemed to matter much more whether an osteopath had murdered his pregnant wife than whether four teen-agers had, without reason, beaten and tortured a man until he staggered into the East River and drowned.

Yet it mattered last August 18, when people first read of it: "Four Brooklyn youths were charged yesterday with a series of crimes that included beating and kicking a man to death, horsewhipping young women and burning the soles of a vagrant's feet, beating him, and throwing him into the river. . . .

" 'I can't understand what would make boys do such terrible things,' Edward S. Silver, Kings County District Attorney, said after hearing their confessions. 'They apparently had no reason except the thrill they got,' he added."—the New York *Times*.

People read excerpts from some of the alleged confessions made by the boys to detectives. "Last night," Koslow was reported as saying when he told of the Negro's drowning, "was the supreme adventure for me. . . . park bums are no use to society and are better off dead." Mittman, the second boy, was quoted as saying that he used the victims as punching bags "to see how hard I could punch."

For a few days then, horrors hung in the air, and good citizens shook their heads. The boys were put in prison until their trial, and the talk about them subsided. It was too hideous to be sustained, too close for comfort.

The Four Boys

For those who saw the trial the horror revived. For here were the boys themselves, ten feet away; not headlines, not files, not cases, but young living beings who had caused death; and for hour after hour one was impelled to examine their features with the same passionate, inquiring intensity with which one listened to the evidence of one terrible night in August.

¶It was no effort to see evil in

Jack Koslow, the oldest defendant. So manifest was his sickness of soul that he could have posed as one of the tormenting demons that populate Hieronymus Bosch's visions of hell. His skin has been described as "sallow," but that gives no hint of its dead green-whiteness, in eerie and surprising conjunction with thick hair that is dark red and wholly without shine, receding from his forehead in a high crest. His features are delicately ugly: a long thin curved nose with a sharply articulated ridge; a thin, downturned, and usually derisive mouth, lips colorless, the upper extending slightly above the lower; a weak but bony chin; a white, undeveloped neck. His eyes are strangest of all. They are dark brown and seem pupilless, and their look is hooded as if by a transparent extra lid. When Koslow walked in and out each day manacled to his guard, you could see how tall and thin he is, and how his narrow head hangs forward from his body like a condor's.

¶Melvin Mittman, seventeen, is physically his antithesis. His body is barrel-thick and strong, his shoulders wide, his head square, his features blunt. He has an upturned, broad-based nose, small thick-lashed eyes under glasses, dense hair growing low on his brow, and a strong round chin. Throughout the trial until the verdict, when he wept and buried his face in his hands, he was expressionless. You would not have picked him out of a group, as you would Koslow, as having something "wrong" with him; he seemed just stolid and enclosed. Yet where Koslow's hands were white and thin and smooth as a girl's, lacing and interlacing during the trial and drumming little dances, Mittman's hands, abnormally short and thick, with hair on the fingers, made one inevitably imagine them pounding flesh.

¶The third boy, Jerome Lieberman, also seventeen, was another matter. Here was a diffident, tremulous kid with blinking eyes, a soft mouth, a defenseless neck; the only one of the three defendants to look miserable. Indeed, he was a defendant for only half the trial. He was dismissed for lack of evidence of any direct involvement in this particular case.

¶The fourth and youngest boy, Robert Trachtenberg, fifteen at the time of the crime, was separated from this trial and appeared only as state's evidence. Tall, darkly handsome, of aristocratic bearing, his speech distinct and mannerly, Trachtenberg inspired one chiefly with incredulity as to the innate viciousness attributed to him—if not in connection with this particular crime, then in involvement in other crimes for which he has yet to stand trial. As one woman reporter said, "He looks like the kind of boy any mother would be proud of." He looked, more than any of the other three, like the kind of boy who could be salvaged.

Here were the four, then, and this is the story of what they did on the night of August 16, pieced together

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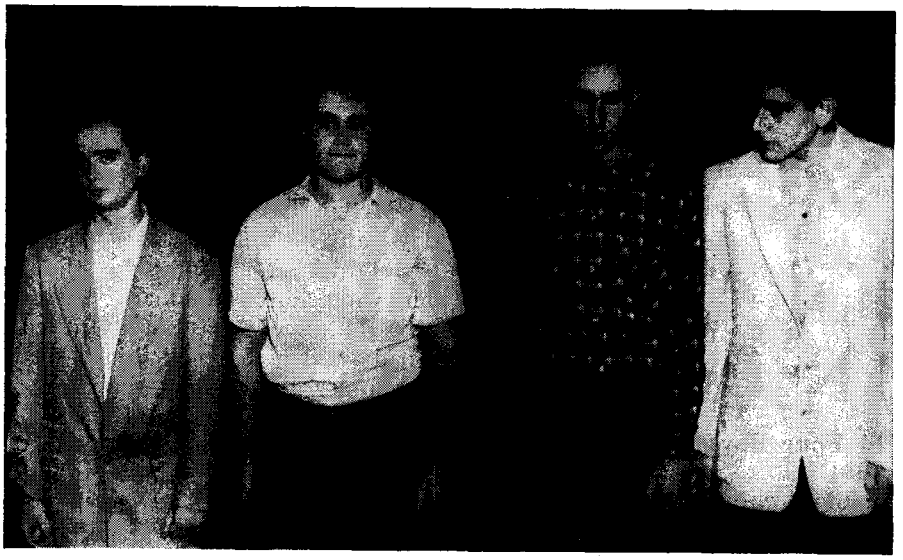

The four youngsters: Lieberman, Mittman, Koslow, and Trachtenberg

by their own words, clinched by an absent but tangible exhibit: the body of Willard Menter dredged from the East River on August 19 and identified by them as the victim of their acts.

The Crime

The four boys had met by prearrangement this warm summer night. First Trachtenberg picked up Lieberman, his special friend, at the latter's home around eight; then the two met Koslow at the Marcy Avenue subway station; then the three picked up Mittman at his home and off they went.

They discussed what to do. Mittman suggested going to New York and picking up girls. Koslow said no, let's go bum-hunting. It is pertinent to note that in none of the testimony did any of the other three ask what bum-hunting was or argue against it. Koslow has been charged with beating up a man of sixty named Kostyra earlier that same evening; the other boys have been charged with wantonly beating to death on August 6 a middle-aged vagrant called Rheinhold Ulrickson.

The four wandered about rather aimlessly for quite a while until they converged on a place called Triangular Park. "Park" is a euphemism: The triangle is a patch of dusty grass and concrete bordered on three sides by benches and a railing; an island cut off, as it were, from casual access by three intersecting flows of traffic.

The boys stood at the gate of the park. It was about nine o'clock. On a bench at the near side of the triangle two men were sitting, playing chess. On a bench at the far side a man was sleeping, a Negro.

(*"How would you categorize this method," Koslow was asked by Detective Duggan after his arrest, "in which you went out looking for bums?"*

A. "Just hit or miss. I'd find one. If he was particularly distasteful to either myself or the other boys, the person who he affected most would do what he pleased with him. . . . Sometimes I see a drunken bum, very soused. He looks at you out of one eye. It's disgusting. It incites me to hit him.")

In Triangular Park the four boys walked over to the sleeping Negro and formed a screen. Koslow was facing his feet, which were bare.

Koslow struck a match and approached a flame to the man's soles, but he did not wake up. Then Koslow lit a cigarette and touched that to the bare brown feet.

(*"What made you use a lit cigarette on this Negro's feet before you took him down to that pier?"*

A. "Big gag.")

At the trial, then, Assistant D.A. DeMeo asked Trachtenberg what the Negro did or said. Trachtenberg said that he raised himself half up from the bench, suddenly. "What did he say then?" Trachtenberg, the quiet, subdued, handsome boy, then let out a scream that splintered the courtroom air and was followed by shuddering silence.

So the Negro screamed, he said, and Koslow urged the boys to hit him. The two youngest, he said, himself and Lieberman, demurred. Whether Mittman beat Menter then is not clear. What is clear is that Koslow told the Negro: "Put on your shoes and get up and come with us." And the Negro, scared of this menacing wall of youths and the tone of Koslow's command, put on his shoes and stood up. Koslow and Mittman then flanked him and the three proceeded toward the river, the Negro weaving and staggering, the boys steadying and propelling him on their five-block walk to the pier in the shadow of Williamsburg Bridge.

The two younger boys had asked the older ones at the park where they were going, and when they were told it was the waterfront (*"So we could bang him around in private"*) they hung back, apprehensive. According to Trachtenberg, they split up then for a while until curiosity got the better of them and they went to the pier.

Koslow has told what happened on that soft night, with the water slapping under the barges and at the sides of the rotting pier.

"He [Mittman] hit him with either a right or a left. . . The bum put his arm up to his face, doubled over and laid sideways over the board that separated the pier from the water. I bent over to punch him. I brought that punch up from the floor. As I was about to land the punch he was in the water, either he slipped or fell. By that I mean he was ducking the punch . . . just as he hit the water, he put his hands forward like this. He didn't just crash into it. Then I saw him in midstream."

"I saw him come up twice and go down again," said Mittman.

Trachtenberg and Lieberman were then standing at a barricade about fifty or a hundred feet back of the pier. (*"They did not have the hatred we did," said Koslow.*) *Then Trachtenberg heard Mittman's voice calling "Hey, Bob! Come over here!" and then again, "Hey, Bob, you know what Koslow did? He pushed a man in the water!"*

Then, according to Trachtenberg, Koslow came up again and said, "Man's in the water, boys." And young Lieberman said, "Why did you do it?" and then Koslow said,

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"Now we're all murderers!" and told them to keep quiet. Otherwise, he said, I will get the chair, you [Mittman] will get life, and you two [Trachtenberg and Lieberman] will get five years apiece.

After this they were very quiet and stopped talking about it as they walked home, the younger ones separating from the other two and getting home shortly before midnight. "The river," . . . said Lieberman, "I couldn't sleep all night."

At about five that morning the police came to both. Koslow, arraigned on charges of beating up Kostyra earlier that night, had told of this later event. Mittman was picked up with Koslow.

The Parents

The parents sat in the courtroom and listened to this day after day, although not all of them every day. On two different occasions Mr. Mittman and Mrs. Koslow collapsed and were taken away. But usually Mr. and Mrs. Koslow sat together, apart from the other parents, and Mrs. Mittman sat next to Mr. and Mrs. Lieberman.

Mrs. Koslow is small with bleached hair. Her face is tight and rather empty, and she wears glasses. She bears no resemblance to her son. But Koslow's father's face is the aging matrix of his son's: the same shape of head and bones, but crushed and sagging with grief.

Mr. and Mrs. Mittman might be the couple who run the cleaning shop or the stationer's next door. They are short, well dressed, self-respecting in manner. They seem like good people, and such is their reputation. The mother has given the son her features, but while they are pleasing in her they are only coarse and immature in him. Mrs. Mittman's face was controlled in court, but blurred by nightly tears.

Mr. and Mrs. Lieberman, too, look like good people, quiet and middle-class. Mrs. Lieberman is a strong woman, broad-boned and east European in feature, while her husband, bald and myopic, seems mild and complaisant.

Again and again at the trial one looked at these parents and asked—as they ask themselves—what had they done to produce such issue as these? What had they failed to do?

The Victim

Koslow's attorney, State Senator Fred G. Moritt, was unusual in his role of lawyer and seeker after justice. Dressed like a song writer (he is a successful one and a member of A.S.C.A.P.), theatrical in his many objections and interpolations, he seemed a little out of place in a court otherwise imbued by Judge Hyman Barshay's uncompromising dignity.

Basing his defense of Koslow on "mischief," Moritt struck an odd note as he wound up his summation

by reading to the jury a verse of his own contriving (based on "Ten Little Indians"):

Four little bad boys off on a spree,
One turned state's evidence, and then there were three.
Three little bad boys, what did one do?
The Judge said, "No proof" and then there were two.
Two little bad boys, in court they must sit
And pray to the Jury, "Please, please acquit."

No one in the courtroom smiled except Moritt and Koslow.

Before this, Moritt had deplored the death of Menter, vagrant though he was, by intoning the words of another poet, John Donne: "Any man's death diminishes me . . ."

It was implied during the trial that the death of Willard Menter did not diminish society. Menter ran a blower in a secondhand burlap-bag factory, surely a lowly pursuit; and his only happiness seemed to consist in occasional binges that he would sleep off on park benches. The best that was said of him was spoken by his brother: "Willie, he'd drink a little bit, but he didn't start no fights." His life was without much sense and his death was without any sense. But it is precisely the senselessness of his death that makes this crime both terrible and important, throwing into blinding focus the one great question not only of the trial but of the time: WHY DID THEY DO IT?

It was the law's concern to establish whether they did it and how they did it, not why. And when it had been shown to the jury's satisfaction that Jack Koslow and Melvin Mittman had caused the death of Willard Menter, the law had done its part. At the end of the trial nothing was known of these boys because nothing was asked.

'Knife Without a Handle'

Outside the courtroom, though, one man in particular did ask questions. He was Dr. Frederic Wertham, who was senior psychiatrist for the Department of Hospitals in New York City from 1932 to 1952, directing the mental-hygiene clinics at Bellevue Hospital and Queens Hospital Center. Dr. Wertham, who has published two books on juvenile delinquency, *The Show of Violence* and *Seduction of the Innocent* (the influence of comic books on today's youth), was called in by the court to determine whether Jack Koslow could plead legal insanity. After examination of Koslow, Wertham's findings on this point were negative: The boy knew what he had done and was aware of right and wrong—for others, at least. Neither the court nor Koslow's counsel, Moritt, went further. Legal insanity was out, and that was that.

But Wertham went further. He got permission from Judge Barshay to examine Koslow as much as he wished before the trial, and the psychiatrist spent many hours with the boy, gaining his confidence. Since he believes that the violation of this confidence is not only permissible in such special circumstances, but might be helpful in the interests of truth, Wertham has told this writer the essence of these interviews. What follows is a paraphrase of Wertham's notes and comments on Koslow.

Koslow is a very intelligent boy: well read, well spoken, with a glibness that is enormously persuasive. ("His intelligence is like a knife

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without a handle. . . .") By his own admission, he has been able to talk anybody into anything.

He is the only son of a middle-

Robert Trachtenberg

class family intent, as most Americans are, on improving their place in the world. The Koslows lived first on the lower East Side of Manhattan, then moved to the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn and finally to Flatbush, where Koslow's father is an industrious and skilled auto mechanic. Their son has never suffered privation, but he has always hated his father and oriented himself toward his doting mother. He claims that his father has beaten him often, and it is Wertham's impression that this may well be true, the older Koslow goaded beyond endurance by his abnormal and unrewarding son.

THE FIRST overt sign of this abnormality came at seven, when Koslow was referred to the Bureau of Child Guidance as being too difficult to handle, both at school and at home. Dr. Harry Gilbert, the supervisor of psychiatrists for this board, said that he was found to be "aggressive and subject to fantasies about killings." He had also a vociferous love of the Nazis, expressed partly by crying "Heil Hitler!" in class. This was in 1942, when the Nazis were at their crest; and Koslow told Wertham that his love of fascism and force, of irresistible brutality, of a supreme "elite," started then.

He was examined by Dr. Abram Blau, among others, at the Bureau. Dr. Blau, a psychiatrist of the highest reputation, reported that the child had been disturbed from early childhood and strongly recommended treatment.

According to Gilbert, Koslow was given four treatments, and his parents were interviewed by the Bureau. But then Mrs. Koslow became ill and took the boy out of school for a month, and when he returned she told the Bureau not to continue the treatments.

Koslow remembers Blau well. He told Wertham he wished his father had been like Blau.

The boy was physically very under par: He had all the childhood diseases and at nine trouble with his legs—a systemic swelling and weakness that, he says, handicapped and depressed him.

'I Was a Failure'

In all his contacts, at school or at home, Koslow was argumentative,

Jack Koslow

domineering, discontented. He could get on with others only if he could influence them; and as he found it difficult to influence his teachers he was constantly at loggerheads with them in spite of his high I.Q. (at nine, 135) and his genuine scholastic abilities. Because of these he was put in a class for "gifted children" in high school, but instead of being gratified by this distinction he resented keenly what he referred to as being "put apart"—isolated even more from his fellows.

Koslow got through high school in three years, graduating at sixteen. During this time he had also managed to teach himself German, the language of his idols.

In 1952 he went to New York University to take a dental course at the urging of his mother, but he was so obviously intractable that the university authorities sent him to the Testing and Advisement Center, one of the best clinics in the country, for psychiatric examination. There another eminent man, Dr. Wallace Gobetz, reported that Koslow was either psychotic or on the verge of psychosis, and sent him to Dr. J. Allison Montagu, who made a diagnosis of "incipient schizophrenia," recommending intensive treatment.

The youth's parents, dismayed and angry that their son was virtually suspended from the university because of his alleged condition, took him instead to a private psychiatrist who signed a report testifying that there was nothing wrong with Koslow and that he should be accepted at N.Y.U. for further courses. In February, 1953, the youth spent another very brief period at the university and got along so badly that he left of his own accord. "I was a failure," he said.

Subsequently he went to work, holding about six different jobs for brief periods. There was always something wrong with the job, he said. He found fault with everything and everyone. And from June, 1954, onward, Koslow was one of the unemployed, sleeping much of the day, roaming much of the night, hunting for bums.

'Nights of Horror'

"I'm a fascist," Koslow told Wertham simply. "I always have been. I'm a fascist and a white supremacist. Everybody is, really. That's all the

Photos from Wide World

Mittman and Lieberman

talk you hear around anyway. . . . Violence? It's everywhere. All I'm interested in is violence—destruction—

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death." These were his actual words.

He told Wertham (whose identity he was not told) that he was an addict of horror comics. "There's some guy," he said, "a psychiatrist—who keeps saying they have a bad effect on kids. I read about it in the *Reader's Digest*. Listen—I could tell that guy something!"

Wertham told Koslow he was "that guy" and the boy seemed amused. On one of his visits Wertham brought him a paper-covered set of "Nights of Horror," in fourteen thin volumes. "Is this the sort of thing you read?" he asked. Koslow leafed through them and nodded. "That's it. Only I have a better edition."

For the benefit of those who have not seen the publications, they constitute what Wertham calls "the pornography of violence." The illustrations are chiefly concerned with voluptuous women in a minimum of suggestive underwear being tortured in a variety of ways: bull-whipped, burned with cigarettes, strangled with wire, and so forth. They in turn inflict certain elaborate punishments on men, of a clearly sexual nature. The text is cigar-store Spillane, more explicit in its sadism, more viciously saccharine in its "romantic" passages.

"Nights of Horror" might leave the mature adult with no other reaction but disgust. What it might do to the immature—even the "normal" immature—is anybody's guess. In any case, it is a fact that Koslow and his companions have tried most of the refinements in the series. He even told Wertham that they had made one of their beating victims kiss their feet in between blows and kicks, a scene clearly illustrated in "Nights of Horror." "It is hardly something," said Wertham, "that a boy would do spontaneously—that is, without getting the idea from somewhere."

"Nights of Horror" has now been banned, but thousands of copies are still circulating, under counters and in private collections.

Comic-Book Equipment

Koslow had in his room a collection of bull whips. One of them, for which he paid $3.75, he ordered through an advertisement in a comic book, either "Uncanny Tales" or "Journey into Mystery." He also carried a switch-blade knife which he got from a schoolmate who bought it through a comic book. Under the new comic-book code, such advertisements are banned, although this does not mean that the supply houses no longer exist.

Koslow owned a "costume" consisting of black pants, black boots, black shirt, black jacket, and black gloves in which he acted his role of "vampire" at night. Sometimes he wore them all; on the night of the Menter killing, he wore the black pants. The vampire suit is an old standby in horror comics, merely a more sinister version of the tight over-all ritualistic uniform of the superman, good or evil.

In Koslow's statement to Detective Duggan when he was taken to the pier to identify Menter's body, he said (of the moment after Menter was in the water): *"I just saw the belly float—float."* (In a comic book, a thug who has just watched a victim drown says, "Makes a pretty bubble, doesn't it?")

Koslow and Mittman were ostensibly a loyal and devoted pair. When they heard the jury's verdict of first-degree murder with recommendation of life imprisonment, and Koslow groaned and Mittman wept, Koslow put his arm around the other boy. The two seemed to function as mind and body, Koslow doing the planning and direction, Mittman—usually shy and quiet—the rough stuff. Koslow himself did virtually none of the fighting.

"*He* likes crime comics," said Koslow with amused contempt of his partner. "You know, 'Superman' and all that." Crime-comic addiction was clearly of a lower order than horror addiction—kid stuff.

To 'Be Somebody' . . .

Although several psychiatrists who have never seen the boys announced respectively at the time of their arrests that they were either rapists or homosexuals or both, Wertham finds no evidence to support either claim. He says Koslow is sexually underdeveloped and misdeveloped, that none of the boys were really concerned with sex even when they talked of girls. What bound the four together was a compulsion to watch other people in agony.

They also needed to assert superiority, to "Be Somebody." Mittman said he punched bums because it made him "feel big and strong." Koslow said, "I had to do it to preserve my individuality."

According to Wertham, Koslow is primarily a masochist, both perpetrator and victim in an equation too complex for discussion here. Yet Wertham believes he could have been "saved" and his energies and talents channeled into constructive outlets had he availed himself of the advice and treatment offered him from the age of six onward. He might never have been a "success" or a whole man or an attractive human being. But he need never have been a threat to society, Wertham thinks.

The other three boys—Mittman, Lieberman, and Trachtenberg—appear to have no psychiatric history at all. Yet no one knows how many girls they have horsewhipped or how many "bums" besides the ones publicized they have kicked and beaten. Both Lieberman and Trachtenberg face trial in the death of Ulrickson.

Something New

In the files of the police department and in the memories of seasoned police officers, crimes such as theirs were virtually unknown before the Second World War. Exceptions like the Leopold and Loeb case only proved the rule. Boys under eighteen may have killed out of sudden rage or performed acts of violence, but boys under eighteen from "good homes" did not torture and kill for pleasure. This is something new. And it is something that exists on a greater scale than we dream of: The partners Youth and Brutality have pushed the delinquency rate

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in this country to an all-time high.

No informed and responsible person will say that the roots of this epidemic of violence are horror comics or crime comics or gangster movies or crime plays on television or the crime-laden tabloids. But a number of informed and responsible people say that their cumulative effect on young minds may be an important factor. Certainly a hundred boys could read "Nights of Horror" or "Uncanny Tales" and commit no acts of violence. But who is there to say that the hundred and first, as sick as Koslow, as weak as Lieberman, might not? If there is indeed a virus of violence abroad (and the evidence is enormous), then should it not be located and controlled like any disease, for the protection of the susceptible—and of society itself?

Who is there to say, further, that constant exposure to violence and brutality does not in the end weaken the immunity of the "immune," so that violence becomes familiar and therefore acceptable? The police will tell you that to many delinquents nowhere nearly as sick as Koslow, violence is the natural order of things. "It's all around . . ."

It is not up to the courts to solve the why of this particular Brooklyn murder or of others destined to be committed by the young. It is up to society.

We must find ways to prevent the stupidity or ignorance or fear of parents who, seeing the danger signals flown, do not heed them.

We must find the causes of this susceptibility in the young, this vacuum that can be filled with violence, this boredom than can be relieved by the suffering of others. What is it that they miss and do not have? Why is action equated with destruction, adventure with death?

Koslow and Mittman, they say, went to the Synagogue. Trachtenberg and Lieberman liked books and music. But where did ethics come in, or a simple regard for life?

We must find out if the backwash of the last great war has left this wrack; whether killing for cause is a prelude to or preparation for killing without cause.

These are some of the questions we must ask ourselves, so that before there is much more time for this horror, we can act on the answers.

Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Just in Case

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

ON SIGNAL last November 20, some two thousand government officials of all ranks hurried into automobiles, trucks, jeeps, and moving vans, with varying quantities of impedimenta. They fanned out in purposeful confusion to thirty emergency stations, some close at hand underground, some as far as three hundred miles from Washington. This was no mere civil-defense exercise. It was a test of our readiness and capacity to maintain "continuity of government" in the event of atomic attack.

Back at his desk in the Executive Office Building, a hundred yards from the White House and literally under the eyes of the President, Arthur S. Flemming rubbed his hands with quiet satisfaction. The drill had gone well. This was his project, because preparation for the worst is his job. Flemming, one might say, is director of the Department of Just in Case, more properly known as the Office of Defense Mobilization. All-out war is more remote than ever, Mr. Eisenhower assures us, and coexistence is worth trying. But all the same a great many costly things are being done—just in case.

All this has to be done quietly—so as not to bait our adversaries or alarm our Allies needlessly. The President needs a quiet man to do it. And he has one. Arthur Flemming directs expenditures that total billions of dollars, but he does it so quietly that he is scarcely known to the public. He hasn't even been investigated—yet. (He says he's keeping his fingers crossed, but he shows none of the typical bureaucrat's turbulence of spirit at the thought of being grilled on the Congressional hot plate.)

The Prexy

The chief of the Just-in-Case Department is tall, boyish-looking, and mild-mannered, with an angular face that seems to be mostly nose and ears. He is confident but not assertive. In the small army of big businessmen the Administration has recruited, he is the solitary academician in the top echelon. But he is no introspective intellectual, wrestling interminably with his conscience and peering apprehensively into the atomic age. Rather he is a professional public administrator, an academic bureaucrat somewhat impatient with ideologies, wholly absorbed in doing the concrete job set before him.

Undoubtedly Flemming is right for that job. A sensitive, imaginative, introspective philosopher would go to pieces at it. For the head of ODM must plan, day after day, the harnessing of the nation's men, plants, and materials for the conduct of atomic war. It is a hundred Hiroshimas, or a thousand, that this quiet man is planning against. But Flemming does not brood. He merely works. He works busily, cheerfully, against the dread moment when all the terrors of the atomic age may burst with savage fury and immeasurable destructive power on the hapless world.

A Holdover, Too

Still president of Ohio Wesleyan University on leave, Flemming is not only the academic exception to the great inundation of Washington by industrialists and corporation lawyers. He also is the only holdover from the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations to be found in the top stratum—unless one counts the peripatetic service of John Foster Dulles under Dean Acheson.

Nobody was more surprised by Flemming's retention and elevation than Flemming himself. During the Presidential campaign of 1952, as Mr. Truman's Acting ODM Director, Flemming told me stoically he did not expect appointment to high office if the Republicans won in No-

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vember. "I've always been clearly a Republican, but I'm tainted by that long service with the New and Fair Deals." But he also remarked that after twenty years in Opposition the G.O.P. had almost nobody who knew his way around in the mazes of big government.

Any Republican who *did* know the topography and the inner workings of the gigantic, sprawling administrative establishment must have had extraordinary value to an incoming Republican President, especially to one never associated with government except as a professional soldier. This apparently occurred to at least one Eisenhower—Milton. Flemming was recruited to the Eisenhower team two months before Inauguration Day. It might be said that he was hired as a guide. From nine years on the Civil Service Commission and many auxiliary jobs, he had a close knowledge of all government agencies. And as a member of the Hoover Commission, one on whom Mr. Hoover relied heavily, he had an over-all picture of the administrative arm of government such as few persons can acquire.

Mr. Manpower

Arthur Sherwood Flemming's story is that of a man comfortably torn between academic life and public service. He passes from one to the other easily, or shuttles between them from day to day without strain. The son of a highly regarded Republican judge at Kingston, New York, he was born there in 1905. He was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1927, after four years of earnest industry focused on debating, campus politics, and political-science studies.

For three subsequent years he was an instructor in government at American University in Washington, and then went to work for David Lawrence as a reporter on the old *United States Daily*. Thus he observed the transition to the New Deal and to big government from the vantage point of a newsman. In 1934 he went back to American University as head of its School of Public Affairs, where he stayed five years. In the summer of 1939, Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed him, a Republican, to the three-man U.S. Civil Service Commission.

This was a congenial spot for a young political scientist with a gift for limitless detail and little taste for controversy. He stayed on the Commission nine years, although he had many other big tasks through the war years and the early postwar period. Early in the war he worked with the Office of Production Management on labor supply, and later with the Navy's Manpower Survey Board. For three years he was on the War Manpower Commission.

Wide World

Arthur S. Flemming

And from 1944 to 1947 he had extra duties with the Labor Department. By the end of the war, Flemming was Mr. Manpower himself, with more firsthand experience in problems of labor supply and public employment than anyone else could boast. In February, 1951, he became Assistant Director of ODM, in charge of manpower mobilization.

Meanwhile, in 1948, Flemming had been chosen by his alma mater as its president—the first alumnus in that office and the first layman. This was not so great a break with tradition as it seemed, for Flemming was an active Methodist, prominent in the National Council of the Churches of Christ, and since 1951 has been one of its vice-presidents (Division of Christian Life and Work).

'Matter of Faith'

In one way Flemming's service to Ohio Wesleyan recalls the much-interrupted career of Dwight D. Eisenhower as president of Columbia. He was rarely to be found on the campus after his first two years, during which he reorganized curriculum and administration. With his talent for administration, he set up a triumvirate of aides—academic, alumni and public relations, and business management. When Washington called again, he could give five days a week to ODM, fly back to Delaware, Ohio, each Friday night, and keep his university humming by skillful stocktaking with his three aides over the weekend.

When the Eisenhower ticket triumphed and a bigger job was held out, Flemming gave up his two-day work week in Ohio and became president on leave. So Ohio Wesleyan has had a full-time president in actual residence for only two years of the last six. And there have been complaints from faculty and students alike—enough to produce in the college newspaper a parody of the famous "Dear Virginia" letter confirming that there is a Santa Claus. "Yes, students, there is a President," was its theme, "but you have to believe as a matter of faith, because you can't see him." Nevertheless the preponderant sentiment was and is for keeping Flemming as president for a while longer. For his part, Flemming wants to hold the title. It gives him roots, and also a sort of long-range social security that a top bureaucrat without a personal fortune needs.

No Politico He

Flemming's job in the Eisenhower Administration is a big one. Without straining facts, it can be called second only to that of the Secretary of Defense in the power it carries. This is partly because he writes basic policy for a broad sector of the national economy, partly because he sits in both Cabinet and National Security Council, and partly—perhaps chiefly—because he acts for the President on a wide range of problems, making policy that binds all the other departments and agencies.

In mid-December, for example, Defense Secretary Charles Wilson reversed his policy of letting defense contracts to the big, efficient producers—which in practice had been a bonanza for General Motors. Now the policy is to spread contracts widely—among companies and among geographic areas. Physical disperson

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THE REVENGE OF J. F. DULLES

ERIC SEVAREID

IT LOOKS like coexistence is getting off to a pretty poor start, after all. The area for existing "co" has been shrunk considerable. After sweet-talking us for months, Malenkov still has thirty per cent of Soviet territory *off limits to American visitors, and* J. F. Dulles has slapped twenty-seven per cent of the United States off limits to Russian visitors. Maybe he did take a three per cent loss on the transaction, but this was the first time he's been able to put his massive retaliation into effect, and anybody can be pardoned three per cent failure when it's due to overeagerness on the job.

He certainly did give them tit for tat. They rule out Solnechnogorski (that's easier done than said); he rules out Kalamazoo. They off-limit Krasnopolyanski; he off-limits Androscoggin in the State of Maine. They say, you can't visit sunny Sevastopol; he takes Atlantic City away *from them. They keep us away from* the Ramenski region northeast of the Moscow and Pekhorka Rivers; and Dulles says, O.K., you stay away from the Mississippi from the mid-Iowa line down to Cairo, Illinois.

Of course the Russians got there fustest with the mostest, but then they had more to git with than we got. I was always weak on percentages—I had the flu during the fourth grade—but by my figures they have snatched away 2,000,557 plus square miles of the Soviet Union and we have snatched away 1,013,000 plus square miles of the United States. *On a real-estate market-value appraisal basis,* however, any hard-headed-type statesman like Mr. Dulles knows we're 'way ahead of them. Our whole foreign policy is based on countering aggression with strength and forcing a Russian relaxation or rollback, and I wouldn't be surprised, when they see they've lost places like McHenry County, North Dakota, if they gradually give way. . . . We'll probably test their sincerity by handing back part of Deaf Smith County, Texas. If the world goes well, if the East Germans and Senator Knowland are quiet, we may get a real *détente,* as the French call it, and pretty soon our folks will be back to their starting point—at the Metropole in Moscow with a folder of Intourist tickets in their hand; and *their* folks will be back *at the Waldorf with a wallet full of* American Express checks.

IT WON'T all be easy, though. There are problems. Take Brooklyn. Brooklyn is declared off limits, the only part of New York City so designated. Brooklyn is so proud of this it may not *want* to go back on limits. Take Armstrong County, South Dakota. It's declared off limits, too, but it doesn't exist. It wasn't anything but grassland and gumbo and jack rabbits anyway, so South Dakota abolished it a year ago.

I feel mixed emotions about McHenry County, *North* Dakota, which is graced by my home town of Velva. McHenry is off limits to Russians, but *Pierce County next door is not.* This is logical: Pierce never had anything worth hiding anyway, except some *thistles and dusty alkali ponds* they brag up and call lakes. But I'm a little bothered about how Velva folks are going to like being shut off and mysterious and all.

In fact, we always used to say Velva wasn't a bit scared of those Russians. Just let them get one good look at the new school and the clinic and the new north bridge over the Mouse River where the spring rise always used to flood Johnson's chicken yard, and, we'd say, they'd quit being foreigners and settle right down there and be good Americans. Now it looks like we've lost our *chance.*

ANYWAY, it's pretty interesting, the way J. F. Dulles has carved up the land of the brave and the home of the free. It sort of reminds me of the fellow who said he believed in Cleveland and Akron and Santa Claus, but had his doubts about Toledo.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio on January 4)

is safer in the atomic age. And keeping many producers in shape to convert to war orders is safer in a period of prolonged uncertainty. This is the Flemming policy, finally extended to the massive expenditures of the Defense Department.

Flemming brings no special political strength to the Eisenhower Administration. His roots in Ohio are not deep and he has no partisan following there – although he has been talked of at times as a possible gubernatorial nominee. He does not bring prestige to the Administration in the way big-time business leaders do. He was hired as a technician, not as a politician—as a working administrator and not an ornament for Ike's showcase of millionaires under glass.

IN A PROLONGED period of genuine peace, the Director of ODM (if it existed at all) would be about as important in the life of the nation as the Director of the Mint. But in a time of cold war with intervals of shooting war, a time also of colossal military preparation, the head of ODM exercises a host of powers that cut deep into the economic life of the country. There is so much to be done—just in case.

Flemming and his Assistant Director for Materials do not stockpile, but they write policy for those who do, thus determining the use of staggering sums of money—more than $4 billion so far, with $2 billion more to be spent soon. If they find the national readiness requires greater domestic output of zinc or synthetic rubber or copper or uranium, they have the power in various ways to buttress or favor the companies that can increase output. Flemming and his Assistant for Production Requirements and Programs have a reservoir of powers to create incentives for those industries they believe must be expanded, dispersed, or moved inland. This is done chiefly by issuing certificates for rapid amortization for tax purposes.

The boss of ODM also has an Assistant Director for Stabilization. This is almost entirely a planning operation. It entails preparation of skeleton control measures for a real emergency, plus the exercise of skeleton controls for a very few commod-

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ities. It was in this role that Flemming made one of his rare invasions of the headlines in the early summer of 1954, when he asked the Government Printing Office for data on the production of 200 million ration books. He really wasn't starting a third world war, as some people inferred. He just wanted to know how long it would take to print the ration books if somebody did start a third world war. He got his answer—twenty months of unrelenting presswork. But inadvertently he had lent credit to the spreading fear of involvement in Southeast Asia, then near its peak.

In respect to controls, Flemming's philosophy, shared by his superior, is to have a complete, thorough program in absolute readiness — to come in fast with hard-boiled controls the instant an emergency comes. Those not needed can be lifted piecemeal later. In the atomic age, gradual imposition of controls is a recipe for trouble.

ODM also has a Plans and Readiness Section, headed by the only military man among Flemming's aides. It deals chiefly with measures to ensure continuity of government and uninterrupted industrial production, despite a war that might begin with atomic attack. Still another set of tasks falls to a section for mobilization of manpower, Flemming's original billet.

Who-Gets-What Man

Such are the main functions of the Department of Just in Case. They have certain characteristics in common. All or almost all involve close co-ordination with many other government agencies. Flemming's job consequently is largely liaison. All the functions are directly concerned with defense, which means that Flemming's membership in the National Security Council is the key to the nature of his job. Most of his assignments, as a matter of fact, come out of NSC, while his authority comes chiefly from delegation of Presidential power. Finally, almost all Flemming's major tasks directly affect American business corporations, a few or a great many, for better or worse.

This means that a quiet man with a long string of college degrees is in reality the top who-gets-what man in Washington. Which corporations get certificates of accelerated tax amortization? Who gets market support from government for the commodities he deals in? Stockpiling policy decides. Who in government get the comforting assurance in advance that they would be safe underground in costly working spaces if the bombs should fall? The man who answers these and many similar questions, month after month, needs more than the average capacity to resist the temptation to play favorites. That may be one good reason for having a technician, not a politician or businessman, at the top of ODM.

Flemming works under some handicaps. Businessmen do not regard him as one of them in any sense. He is their image of a bureaucrat, although a conscientious and effective one. To cover this gap he has recruited a second echelon close-

ly tied to the business community—a West Coast purchasing agent from Shell Oil, a former vice-president of Western Electric, an official from A.T.&T., a grocery wholesaler. Some of Flemming's critics insist that these people—most of them in Washington for brief tours of duty—are not policymakers at all but "apprentices with rank" who defer to permanent subordinates.

In fact, however, they are more than protective coloration, for they bring the experience and attitudes of nonbureaucrats to bear on problems affecting business. Short tours of duty have a value. ODM's business is to prepare on the economic side for all-out war, just in case coexistence fails us. Part of the job is building up a reserve of business executives who know the problems and techniques and can be called in quickly for key jobs in the policing of a wartime economy. Flemming's program is giving us a fairly large corps of "civilian reserve officers," aged thirty-five to fifty-five, corporation executives with six months' to one year's training in defense or control agencies.

New Deal Republican?

Inevitably, Flemming is a natural target for almost any criticism of "bureaucracy" that wells up anywhere in the business community. On Capitol Hill, especially among those still called Taft Republicans, there is a curious mixture of respect and distrust for this professor-administrator. One of them, more expansive than most, even in a fraternity of garrulous men, told me: "I'd trust Art Flemming with my bottom dollar for safekeeping, any time. I've got complete faith in his personal honesty and uprightness—and his intelligence, But I dislike and distrust his point of view on policy matters. He's a New Deal Republican."

This is less than fair to Flemming. Although inured to the climate of the New Deal, he remains a bit right of Center in his own thinking about problems and policies. He is not out of step with the political philosophy of President Eisenhower and most of those around him. But he turns instinctively to a public administrator's method of doing things, not to a businessman's approach. He proceeds on the principle that what is good for the United States is good for General Motors, not the reverse. Such a point of view can hardly fail to be a leavening force in the Eisenhower team.

Among politicians of the Right, there is vague distrust of Flemming coupled with high personal regard. Among businessmen in fields affected by his decisions, there is more severe criticism of him. Some say he has too many academic people among the three hundred-odd in his department, that his businessmen are suppressed by careerists around them, that he spills over from policymaking to operations, and that ODM duplicates the work of other agencies, such as Commerce and Defense, in such fields as

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post-attack planning. One can hear too that Flemming gives undue weight to "politics" in decisions affecting business. This does not imply partisanship or impropriety. It is simply a charge that ODM, in the shadow of the White House and the heart of Washington, is too responsive to normal political stimuli.

In rebuttal, it can be said that ODM is nearly as well placed as the old Reconstruction Finance Corporation to reward friends and penalize enemies and yet has not been accused at any time of favoritism or irregularity. On this score, Flemming's personal qualities help. This nonsmoking, nondrinking, somewhat humorless Methodist, although amiable and pleasant, has a puritanical streak and a modest scale of living that automatically refute any suspicion of his being on the make. If Arthur Flemming has a Deepfreeze, he bought it.

FLEMMING probably is not a permanent feature of the Washington landscape, even for the duration of G.O.P. control. He is less necessary each month as more and more of his freshmen colleagues become sophomores, if not juniors and seniors, and learn their way around the administrative labyrinth. But he has made a mark. Undisturbed by the waves of recrimination that beat against the great bureaucracy, contemptuous of the alarm that McCarthyism creates in some other men's agencies, Flemming goes along methodically and cheerfully, making blueprints for the all-out regimentation of the American economy. Nobody in Washington conveys less of the martial spirit. Yet nobody in Washington puts in as many hours a day on the grim assumption that the biggest war ever is just around the corner.

Even when it is entrusted with touching faith to men of business, government has a momentum and a rationale of its own. On the President's team Arthur Flemming personifies and contributes the quality of professionalism. When one considers how many of Mr. Eisenhower's well-intentioned amateurs have been thrown out stealing home, have sacrificed with no one on base, or have just plain struck out, it is not hard to see how this one and only professional earns his keep.

The Men Who Really Run Pakistan

PHILIP DEANE

PAKISTAN is in process of adopting something called "controlled democracy," a régime that will be financed by America during the coming year to the tune of $105 million, not counting the military aid that has done so much to strain relations between the United States and India.

In Karachi last October, I watched Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, the man who is generally credited with Pakistan's entry into the American camp, treated like a naughty schoolboy by those who run the country today—the senior army officers and civil servants, whom, for convenience, I shall call "hierarchs."

"I have been insulted, humiliated," the Premier commented to his intimates after the scolding. "I know what Farouk must have felt when the British put tanks around his palace. But I'll get my revenge if it's the last thing I do."

It does not look, just now, as if Mohammed Ali is likely to succeed. What the hierarchs did to him had been done before to bigger men, who also vowed vengeance, yet the senior officers and bureaucrats are still on top—though reluctantly so, to hear the hierarchs' leader tell it.

Ghulam Mohammed

This leader is Pakistan's Governor-General, Ghulam Mohammed. Semi-paralyzed by a stroke in 1951, he is a physical wreck whose speech is often unintelligible except to his practiced collaborators. Yet this fifty-nine-year-old invalid works a fourteen-hour day, and spends an hour every morning on a secluded beach walking painfully and unaided in ankle-deep sand to tone up his muscles. Those who know him well say the illness has made him more intense, more ruthless, eager for mental domination over men who are his physical superiors. Ghulam Mohammed himself claims he has no more worldly interests and wants only to look after his spiritual salvation. In his bedroom stands a life-size image of a Sufi saint, Waris Ali, to whose tomb in India he recently went and prayed. Sufism, a system of Mohammedan mysticism, is repugnant to most orthodox Mohammedans, who do not approve of saint worship.

This, however, does not worry Pakistan's Governor-General, who frequently weeps and worships before the statue in his bedroom. Later in the day, he more often than not will see a film, preferably with lots of scantily clad girls. Marilyn Monroe is his favorite star. Other habits that do not fit with Ghulam Mohammed's Sufism are drinking and smoking.

Sufism, moreover, does not seem to interfere with his being a confirmed westernizer, a role he started playing very early in life when he became a trusted financial expert of the British Raj. His superiors, it is said, always felt somehow uneasy about him, but he was indispensable. The Nizam of Hyder-

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abad, whom he served as Finance Minister, used to say, "Ghulam is like a big dangerous cat."

When Pakistan was created in 1947, its founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, asked Ghulam to become the civil servant in charge of the Finance Department under a figurehead Minister. But Ghulam, who was even then a big figure and an indispensable one, could demand and get not only the power but the title. He became Pakistan's first Finance Minister, and with consummate skill kept the country in the black, even though there were no foundations for a sound economy.

In 1951 after his stroke, sick and written off by everybody, he was made Governor-General as a reward for his services. Everyone expected him to be a docile replica of an English constitutional monarch. But he lived to rule Pakistan with an iron hand, mainly through his faithful aide, General Iskandar Mirza.

General Mirza

Mirza himself was content with power behind the scenes when Pakistan was created. As the administrative head of the defense services (Secretary for Defense) he was also largely responsible for law and order. It was a position that often required quick and ruthless decisions, and Mirza's training under the British had made him just the man for the job.

After a brilliant career in Britain's Indian Army, he was chosen when quite young for the mainly British-manned Indian Political Service—"the Empire's trouble shooters," one would call them today. It was an elite career service drawn from the cream of the army and the bureaucracy, and its members held positions of great authority. Its Indian members, whether Moslem or Hindu, were, needless to say, implicitly trusted by the British, and were often used to counter the plans of the native independence movement. More than any other Indians, those in the Political Service were on a plane of equality with the British rulers.

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why Mirza, whose ancestors were kings, obviously does not suffer from the racial inferiority complex one encounters so often on the subcontinent. His family were invaders, conquerors. For such men as Mirza the inhabitants of East Pakistan, for instance, are "converts to Islam from low-caste Hindus," as he put it when I met him for the first time some months ago. He had just suspended the newly elected popular Parliament of East Pakistan, with only one army division at his disposal to keep forty-four million people in order.

What would General Mirza do if one of the leaders of this Parliament, a renowned holy man and agitator with left-wing sympathies, returned from England to make trouble?

"I hope his supporters demonstrate at the airport if he comes. Then I can have one of my crack marksmen shoot him," Mirza answered.

"May I quote you?" I asked, without much hope.

"Please do. Our friend might read your report and decide to stay out of the country."

General Mirza in his time has shot down enough agitators for people to take his threats seriously, yet he tries to avoid bloodshed if he can. There was the famous occasion before independence when a militant anti-British nationalist group was agitating in the area where Mirza was "guarding the Empire." Mirza prohibited demonstrations. The nationalists declared they would deliberately disobey his orders and force him to shoot.

On the appointed day, all the demonstrators who were going to defy Mirza held a huge feast — a kind of condemned men's last meal. Then, with banners waving, they set off. They had not taken many steps when intestinal disorders overcame them and they had to disperse in great hurry and humiliation. Mirza had bribed the cooks at the feast to dose their dishes with liberal amounts of Epsom salts.

TODAY at fifty-five, dapper in his Savile Row suits, gallant in the presence of ladies, amusing over the port and cigars, Mirza has little respect for the politicians he has "handled" so often and so successfully. Nor has he much more respect for the people who elect the politicians. Democracy is a fine ideal,

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he explains, but what does it mean?

"Power to the people. Power to choose. Choice, however, presupposes knowledge. You have seen these illiterate, backward peasants. What do they know? They certainly do not know more about running an Administration than I do.

"They elect crooks and scalawags who promise the moon. The scalawags make a mess of everything and then I have to clean up the mess. Democracy requires education, tradition, breeding, and pride in your ability to do something well."

This process, Mirza thinks, might require some generations. Of course he is very outspoken, but the other hierarchs think the same way: Chaudri Mohammed Ali, the present Finance Minister; Mohammed Ayub Khan, the Commander in Chief and Minister for Defense; Ghulam Faruque, the Chief Planner; Major General Sheikh, who commands the troops in East Pakistan; Major General Azam Khan, who commands the Lahore troops; the Chief of Staff, Major-General Nasir Ali Khan; and G. Ahmed, who is Secretary of the Interior.

East vs. West

These men—Ghulam, Mirza, and the others—were first chosen to run the country by Pakistan's founder, Jinnah. He gave the hierarchs much power, but he could control them, being himself a born ruler and an autocratic one at that. Jinnah's successor, Liaquat Ali Khan, was a fairly big man too, although under him corrupt politicians and obscurantist religious leaders began to make their influence felt.

After Liaquat's assassination on October 16, 1951, the politicians who succeeded him tried to curtail the authority of the hierarchs. In the process good government suffered. Local bosses gained control of the Administration and legislators seemed to worry most about scoring over their political opponents. The hierarchs fought back and by doing so took sides with one area of the divided country against the other because their adversaries, the political group that had succeeded Liaquat Ali Khan, represented East Pakistan.

East Pakistan or Bengal—separated by a thousand miles from West Pakistan and the seat of the central government—was so backward before partition that there were no Bengali technicians or administrators. Besides, since the Bengalis were not considered a martial race by the British there were no Bengali officers either. After independence, men from West Pakistan took over the jobs vacated by the British in Bengal, and the clannish Bengalis did not like it. They resented being run by outsiders who spoke an alien tongue (Urdu, not Bengali). Things were not helped by the contempt the West Pakistan officials felt and showed toward the Bengalis. Moreover, the forty-four million Bengalis, increasing by half a million every year, crowded eight hundred to the square mile, appallingly poor, many of them unemployed or underemployed, resented the fact that though they provided the major part of the country's revenues and foreign exchange, they were getting only a quarter of the investments.

Enter Mohammed Ali

This apparent injustice was not, of course, all due to politics. East Pakistan is so backward that it can absorb investments only at a very slow rate. It has no fuel or minerals. West Pakistan has some, and therefore is better placed for industrial development. Besides, West Pakistan is more defensible in case of war and investments there would be safer than in East Pakistan, which in the eyes of the Moslem hierarchs is doubly unsafe because of its ten million Hindus who could not be trusted in the event of a war with India.

So when the hierarchs decided their duty was to step into the political arena (they had a British-instilled reluctance to "mucking about" in politics), they inevitably chose to identify themselves with the West Pakistan group in the Assembly, whose members were also afraid of Bengali domination.

In April, 1953, having prepared his position, the Governor-General dismissed the Government of the Bengal group under Prime Minister Nazimuddin. With a political unknown, Mohammed Ali, the Ambassador to Washington, as Premier, he formed a Ministry based on West Pakistani political interests. Mohammed Ali was expected to be pliant in gratitude for his unexpected promotion. He had another quality—he was a Bengali. True, he could not speak the language of his province, but nevertheless it looked better to have a Bengali (by origin) Premier with a non-Bengali Governor-General. Power was thus nicely distributed—on paper.

THE WHOLE arrangement seemed to win popular approval when a year later the Bengal group that had opposed the hierarchs suffered a severe electoral defeat on their home ground in the local East Pakistan elections of March, 1954. Yet such is the nature of Pakistan politics that this blow was also a blow against the hierarchs and their political allies, because the winners of the provincial election, the United Front, were making the most vociferous demands ever for the end of the hierarchy's rule and for provincial autonomy for East Pakistan. The hierarchs could not ignore this clear challenge. They suspended the newly elected Bengal Assembly in May and sent Mirza to govern the distant province by decree, affording him incidentally the chance to be a brilliant, indefatigable one-man Cabinet.

Although he arrived in a sullen, hostile land and arrested hundreds (some say thousands) of potential agitators, Mirza became so popular that he could walk unescorted through a crowd. During the cataclysmic floods last summer, people blessed his untiring and unfailingly efficient devotion. It was a splendid vindication of the Kipling-type empire builder, but for the hierarchs it was also a passage from covert to overt dictatorship—a dictatorship still hidden behind the central Constituent Assembly in Karachi, in whose name it could be claimed that Mirza ruled.

Coup and Countercoup

With the elected representatives of the people thus divided, the hierarchs were set to continue ruling undisturbed until last September 21, when a majority suddenly materialized in the Assembly led by Mohammed Ali, who was tired of being a puppet and wanted to cut his strings.

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In a secretly arranged session while the Governor-General was away on vacation, the Assembly held three sessions during one morning and passed four constitutional amendments plugging the legal loopholes through which the Governor-General, eighteen months earlier, had pushed his decision to dismiss the Nazimuddin Cabinet. Henceforth the Cabinet, the amendments said, might be dismissed only by the Assembly, and the Governor-General would be bound by the Prime Minister's advice. Further, no person who was not elected might hold a Cabinet post —a measure directly aimed at the hierarchs. The jubilant politicians hailed this as the birth of democracy in Pakistan. It was the day on which the hierarchs learned they could trust no politician, even if they themselves had made him Prime Minister.

Meanwhile, Mohammed Ali went abroad to get a dollar cure for his country's economic ailments, apparently confident that the hierarchs, who had always been so preoccupied with constitutional forms, would not dare act because action meant openly breaking the law. He realized his mistake quickly enough when he returned to Karachi on the night of October 23, accompanied by Commander-in-Chief Ayub Khan and Mirza.

While these two had been traveling with the Prime Minister they had conferred by cable with the Governor-General. They took Mohammed Ali to Ghulam Mohammed, and Mohammed Ali was forced to accept the hierarchs' terms: dismissal of the Constituent Assembly and reconstitution of the Cabinet. Mohammed Ali himself was to stay on as Prime Minister. It could then be said the changes were more or less constitutional, having been made "on his advice," a thesis that is to be tested in court. Besides, dismissing Mohammed Ali might make the generous Americans feel that Pakistan was changing its policy.

The countercoup was neat, and nobody protested, because the dismissed Assemblymen had no popular support. But the hierarchs were out in the open now as members of the Government. The constitutional mantle had worn very thin, and the talk was no longer of democracy but of "controlled democracy, to protect the illiterate electors from harming themselves," as Mirza has stated publicly.

Controlled Democracy at Work

To achieve this controlled democracy by which they will run the country as they think best, the hierarchs plan to proclaim by decree a provisional constitution that would turn Pakistan into a republic, giving the President rather more power than his opposite number has in the United States. The Cabinet would be responsible to the President, who would also have the right to dismiss at his discretion the elected provincial legislatures of Pakistan. There would be a national Parliament at Karachi that would give, in the aggregate, equal representation to the two widely separated areas of Pakistan.

To ensure that the East Pakistan representatives would not use provincial differences in West Pakistan to gain allies and put together a majority as they did last September 21, the provinces of West Pakistan would be merged into one single unit. Provincial governments in West Pakistan opposing this plan are being dismissed and replaced by men willing to co-operate. Stubborn oppositionists have been imprisoned and a recalcitrant newspaper shut down. In the future, constitutional amendments curbing the President's powers would require a two-thirds majority, including at least fifty-one per cent of the members from each of the two regions.

Wanted: A Front Man

However, the hierarchs will have their hands full in any case. In East Pakistan, an underground Communist movement directed by the Indian Politburo in Calcutta is exploiting the antagonism of the country's two wings and the poverty of the population in general. The Pakistan Communists are just about as inefficient as the country's other politicians, but there has been no substantial land reform and land-hungry peasants are susceptible to agitation, as are the semi-educated unemployed in the towns. Rapid economic growth can defeat subversion, and in that U.S. aid can be of great help.

Military aid, too, can help by allowing Pakistan to reduce what it spends on armaments. Since the hierarchs were actually in power when American military aid was negotiated, they are, of course, all for it. So too are the Opposition leaders who might one day replace them.

The hierarchs are already suspected of being too pro-Indian, of never having wanted partition, and—being anti-religious—of never having accepted the principle of an Islamic state, a principle that Mirza still rejects openly.

Failure to solve the Kashmir issue will make the hierarchs unpopular. Their plans for the improvement of Pakistan's economy — "hard work, austerity"—are also likely to be unpopular unless someone "sells" them to the public. These men, whatever else may be said against them, believe that their plan is best for Pakistan.

The difficulty, as the rulers of Pakistan see it, is that in a country with such low political consciousness, people tend to support personalities rather than policies. Therefore if the hierarchs want popularity for their policies they should seek personal popularity. But this they

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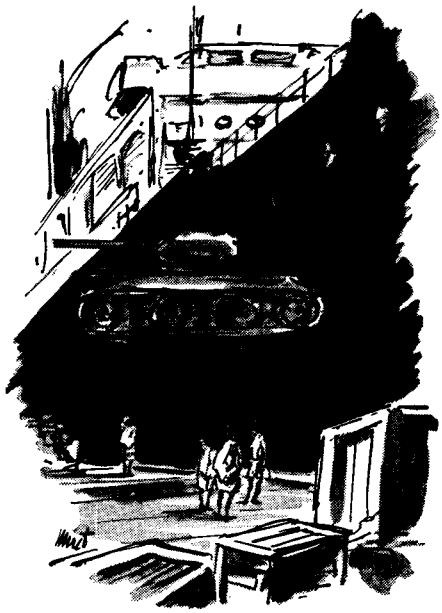
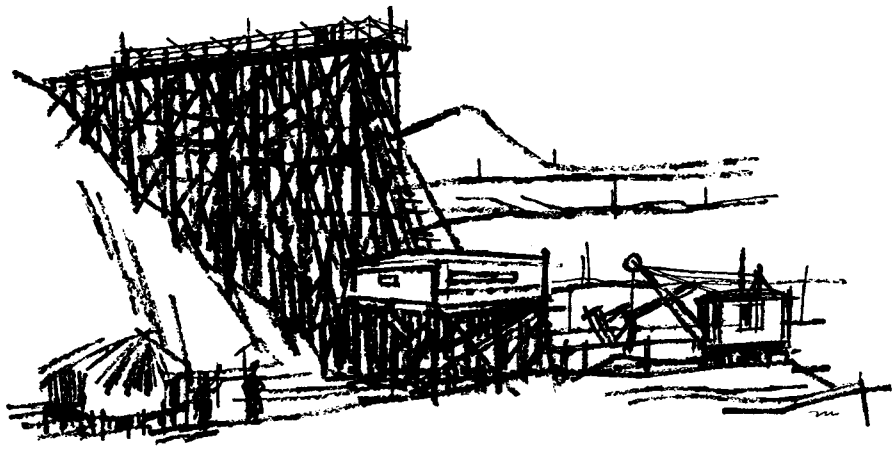
are loath to do. For one thing, they have despised politics all their lives. Also they are too busy. What they want is to find some political leader who is able enough to prove helpful in rebuilding Pakistan and who has enough following to sell the policies of the hierarchs. The only suitable man seems to be Huseyn Shaheed Suhrawardy, who was Chief Minister of undivided Bengal in British India, worked side by side with Gandhi to stop the partition riots of 1947, and won a landslide election in East Pakistan last year.

The Test

Suhrawardy has now entered the Government as Law Minister, with the mission of giving the country a constitution on the basis of which elections will be held. The new Law Minister is considered by many to be democracy's main champion in Pakistan, but there are those who are not so complimentary in their description of the veteran politician. His entry into the Cabinet, however, does not mean that an elected leader with an impressive mandate from East Pakistan's population is now sharing power with the Governor-General.

The extent to which Ghulam and Suhrawardy can co-operate and the success Suhrawardy has in acquiring the trust of Pakistan's hierarchs—by helping them with their schemes—may well determine whether the country will evolve slowly into something resembling a democracy or move toward dictatorship.





Enlightened Colonialism: The Belgian Congo

BASIL DAVIDSON

THE LUNCHEON PLATES were decorated with a little painted shield, and across the shield were three wavy bars in red and violet and yellow. "That's what we dig up," explained Ernest Toussaint, amiable director of native labor at the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, the greatest mining complex in the Belgian Congo and perhaps in all Africa. "Red for copper, violet for cobalt, and yellow for gold." They dig up a lot of each. In 1952 the Union Minière declared a net profit of about $54 million, leaving even the mines of the golden Witwatersrand in the shade.

"You could add another wavy bar nowadays, couldn't you?"

"Ah, that," said Toussaint politely. "That's what we don't talk about. Conspiracy, you know. Now tell me—what do you think of this wine?"

I said I thought it was excellent, and dropped the subject. The fact that the Union Minière also produces a big percentage of the uranium being used by the western world is not the most important fact about this corporation anyway, although this, no doubt, is saying a lot. Just how much uranium is produced from the old radium mine at Shinkolobwé, out in the bush to the southwest of Jadotville, and protected against curious intruders by barbed wire, motorized patrols, and an absolute stop on all comment, is not known to this reporter—except that the total is very high. It was out of the silence and obscurity of Shinkolobwé, lost in the semidesert scrub of middle Africa, that the raw material for Hiroshima's bomb was taken. "And just to think," added Toussaint dreamily, "that we'd no idea during the war why they wanted that old mine worked for all it was worth."

But the Union Minière has something else to show that is more important than uranium in terms of African history, something that it is ready to show to everyone who has the right introduction.

Stone Age to Machine Age

Here on the once deserted plateau of the Katanga, rising out of the dense green forest of the equatorial Congo, the firm has been instrumental over the last few years in teaching industrial skills to Africans whose social background has been not far removed in general terms from that of the later Stone Age. This policy of industrializing rural African labor took its rise in the years immediately before the Second World War. Now African semi-skilled and skilled workers are in nearly every kind of mechanical operation of the Union Minière. Here, at last, Africans are getting a

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real return for the wealth that is grubbed from their soil.

If this technical revolution has few or no political consequences—because the Belgians will allow none—its economic consequences are remarkable. They have to be measured against a background of rising racial conflict and racial frustration in many of the territories near the Belgian Congo. They suggest that this kind of progress is of absolutely primary importance to Africans in making their great transition to the modern world. They also suggest that only through industrialism can Africans significantly raise their pitifully low standards of life.

In Jadotville I spent some hours inspecting the central workshops of the Union Minière. There they repair used tools and make new tools, overhaul rolling stock, switch gear, electrical equipment, and the rest. Most of this more or less exacting work is being done by Africans—by men who whites in other colonies may glibly tell you are "incapable of any intelligent and sustained effort." They are working tools precise to a hundredth of a millimeter. They are fitters, turners, casters, foundrymen, woodworkers, patternmakers, even draftsmen. A few of them, using highly expensive tools or highly expensive metal, are already touching productivity levels which their employers consider to be about seventy per cent of those of first-class Europeans. In the electrical wiring shop I saw an African whose white foreman confidently declared was every bit as good as a European. Others were nearing the same level of efficiency.

There is nothing in Africa more remarkable—and more hopeful and constructive—than this tremendous capacity for self-adjustment. In most of white-settled Africa, stupidly and sadly enough, there is a more or less complete ban on Africans' doing skilled work, and this, surely, is one major cause of strife. There are plenty of racial bars in the Belgian Congo, and most of the small number of Belgian *settlers* (as distinct from the administrators) have opinions that differ, so far as I can see, not at all from those of white men in South Africa and Kenya. But there is no hard-and-fast color bar in industry, no ceiling against which the African worker is bound to bump his head.

That doesn't yet mean that Congo Africans can get any job they are good enough for—though it begins to mean that—or the same rates of pay as white men. What it does mean is that the general level of skill is rising steadily, and among a widening section of Africans. In the Jadotville shops, for example, the ratio of white supervisors to African operators in 1946 was such that one white man was supervising an average of five Africans operating five machine tools. This year one white man is

supervising an average of nearly seven Africans operating nearly seven machine tools. The actual ratio varies, of course, with the type of work. In the electrical shops it is still only one to four—and yet that is remarkable enough when you think of the intricate work.

Race-Relations Formula

When both white and black are doing skilled work *together* (even though the white man, by virtue of superior skill, is always the superior), race relations have to be good. And in these Congo workshops they certainly are good, as a general rule, both because the white foreman has an interest in getting his African workers to do their best, and because the Africans know that the white man is in charge of them not because of his skin but because of his skill. If the white man falls down in revealing superior skill, his employers are likely to send him home on the next possible occasion. "We think it's up to us," the manager of the Jadotville electrical shops said, "to bring out here the best workers we can find at home—those who'll have the sense and the patience to pass on their skills."

With a very different experience in the Union of South Africa in mind, I watched a team stamping out steel bars in the Jadotville foundry. It was difficult not to feel that one was looking straight into the future—at an industrialized Africa no longer *necessarily* inferior to the rest of the world. Here was a 4,500-pound stamp of the latest make, beating out long steel bars drawn white hot from the blacksmith's fire. Five different but exactly co-ordinated actions were required, and three of these demanded dexterity and skill. Two smiths, one European and one African, turned the bars; another African worked the stamp; another sat in an overhead crane, shifting the bars along gently, exactly; two more placed them at the correct angle.

Farther along there were two men cleaning out a furnace. They were both inside it, both scraping it. One of them was a white man. White South Africans would consider this the straight road to ruin.

All this, true enough, represents the high point of industrialization in the Congo. Yet many other Congo companies are traveling the same road. And it lies within the dynamics of the process that one advance in this field tends to stimulate another.

Mark Twain's Part

Traditionally, the equatorial jungles of the Congo were the great reservoir of the slave trade. By the second half of the nineteenth century, the brutalizing effects of that crime against humanity had largely de-

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stroyed the old and vital cultures of the Congo Basin. Animism had become the vilest superstition over large areas of the tropical rain forest. The ritual sacrifices of neolithic culture had degenerated here and there into cannibalism. Many of these peoples were ruined beyond redemption.

Then came, after 1885, the Leopoldian system—the so-called Congo Free State of the Belgian monarch Leopold II. There is no longer any reasonable doubt that Leopold's "system" was by far the nastiest thing that the white man had done in Africa since slavery was formally abolished; and it lasted more than twenty years. The bad became worse. The horrors multiplied. Whole populations became destitute. Millions died.

In 1908, under great international pressure—Mark Twain was foremost in bringing that to bear—and the pressure of its own conscience, the Belgian Parliament brought the Leopoldian system to an end. The Congo Free State was annexed to Belgium, and the slow work of repair began. The measures by which Leopold had declared that "all vacant lands" in this vast country were automatically state property (or his own personal property), and all the produce of these lands automatically the perquisite of the state (or of his sovereign person), were finally ended in 1912. These measures had ruined the people, robbed them of their livelihood, and driven them into slave labor, to collect this "state property," this rubber and ivory which Leopold declared was his. New administrators who came out to the Congo after about 1910 (and you can still run into one or two of them) found a population on its last legs.

For many years, lacking funds and the means of raising them, there was little or nothing these administrators could do. Progress was made under the stimulus of the First World War and its industrializing aftermath, but much of this was undone again by the long, weary crisis of the 1930's. Then, during the Second World War, the Congo finally got its chance. Safe from invasion, it could produce vital war minerals —copper, cobalt, manganese, tin, and uranium. Almost every mineral known to man is found in the Congo—whole mountains of high-grade iron ore, and more potential electric power than in any other country in the world. Soon a start will be made in using these cheap minerals and developing this power.

One thing the Belgians learned from the crisis of the 1930's is that they need an internal market in the Congo. They have deliberately welcomed and encouraged manufacturing industries, and these too are now beginning to be big employers.

Wage Scales and Services

In step with industrialization, the old servitudes have begun to disappear. This year the Governor-General, Léo Pétillon, hopes that he can abolish the last remnant of the old forced-labor régime—the obligation on all "rural natives" to work on specified tasks (mainly on rural roads) for up to sixty days a year. In the Congo this year there are nearly 1,200,000 men working for wages, or more than one-tenth of the whole population, while as recently as 1948 there were fewer than 700,000. Here and there—another revolutionary sign of the times —women are beginning to work for wages too. In Léopoldville I saw a laundry equipped with the latest American machinery that was operated by twenty-seven African women and two Europeans. "These women," said the European manager, "are better than men. If they take them away from me I'll throw up the job and go home."

Are these new industrial workers getting good pay? In money terms their wages are generally lower than in South Africa or Southern Rhodesia, but their physical living conditions are generally better. A comparison of wage rates in the copper mines of neighboring Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo show that African pay envelopes in Northern Rhodesia are considerably higher for unskilled workers and considerably lower for the top grades of skilled workers. The Belgians, in other words, give a great deal of attention to wage incentives in developing skills and productivity. There is no doubt that in the Congo pay is higher than ten years ago; there is a great deal of doubt, on the other hand, whether wages have kept up with a steeply rising cost of living. The government is worried about this.

The Congolese government is fully convinced that social and political troubles may follow on the heels of any serious depression in the African's purchasing power. Sitting hard on any kind of political development, the Belgians pin their faith to the saving power of material prosperity, and they see to it that employers house, feed, and provide medical care for their workers. Regarding the British "experiment" in African self-government for the Gold Coast and Nigeria as impru-

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dent to the point of sheer perversity, the Belgians hope to be able to produce an African middle class to act as a political lightning conductor.

This idea that material development can offer a means of bypassing political upheaval is a prime motive behind the Belgians' industrialization of the Congo. Another is that they have just about reached the exploitable limit of the available labor. If towns and industries prosper, the countryside languishes. Young men and women flooding into the towns have left whole regions without the labor that is necessary even to a primitive agriculture. There is no future in the traditional policy of using half a dozen "boys" to do the work of one man working hard. But high individual productivity means mechanization. And the Belgians are mechanizing for all they are worth.

Travel and Transportation

While white men in Northern Rhodesia just over the frontier will tell you that nothing would induce them to travel in a train driven by an African, such trains are universal in the Congo. Some of them, indeed, are very old and rather frightening. I crossed the equator through thick jungle south of Stanleyville on one whose parts were put together a great many years ago. Its engine burned wood; its carriages shook and jumped over wide gaps in the rails; its couplings sawed horribly. But it made Ponthierville only an hour behind schedule, and it was driven by an African earning thirty dollars a month, which is good pay for these parts. I don't know how many white men would care to drive that train.

That train typified the industrialization of the 1930's. "We made simple but strong locomotives," they told me in Brussels, "and our accident rate is low." Now they are making complex and highly expensive electric locomotives but the drivers are still African. I traveled behind one of these brand-new electric locomotives on the two-hundred-mile stretch between Jadotville and Kolwezi, and afterward took a picture of the African who was driving it. He grinned as though he thoroughly understood why.

On the wonderful internal-waterways system of the Congo and Kasai Rivers they have long had African bargemasters and small-boat captains. Lately they have introduced African radio operators for short-range communication with the larger boats. And they are planning to put African captains in charge of some of their biggest craft, carrying eight hundred tons of cargo and forty passengers. Then the whole crew of these steamers will be Africans, navigating on river journeys thousands of miles long. "These Kaffirs," they tell you in South Africa. "Man—it'll be generations before you can trust 'em with responsible work. . . ."

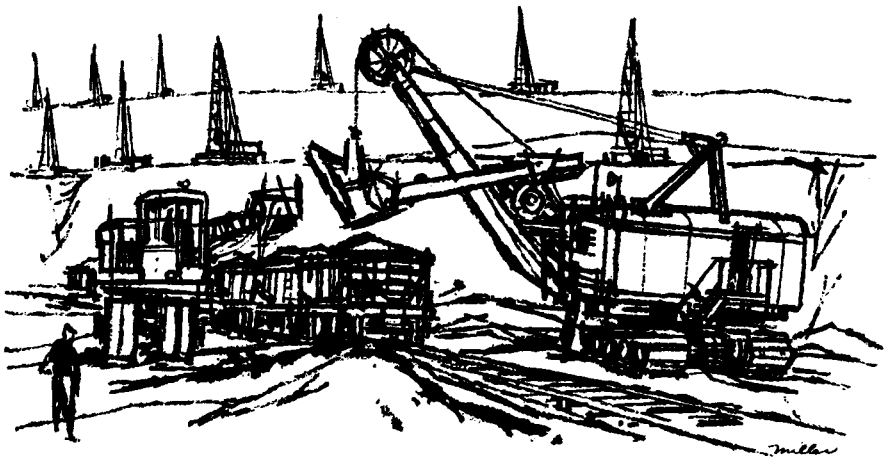
Pay Incentives

A top-grade African captain on these waterways is earning $80 in Congolese francs a month, to which will shortly be added another $20 a month in cost-of-living allowance. If he's married he gets a small allowance for wife and each child, and there are efficiency bonuses he can also earn. All together he will get at least $110 a month, which is also the Congo pay for a resourceful and reliable African clerk. If he's an ordinary sailor on one of these boats he will get around $15 a month. Most unskilled rates of pay come out around $10 or $12 a month, but to this must be added a small housing-and-rations allowance, and a family allowance for married men.

Some of the bigger companies operate a complicated wage-grading system modeled on systems used in Europe. Thus the Union Minière grades men in categories that range from class four to class twenty-one, grading being done by a rough test of their abilities made up of seven criteria: elementary education, native intelligence, capacity for responsibility, physical strength, dexterity, professional training, and the riskiness or unpopularity of the jobs concerned. A total of twenty-one points is awarded on these seven criteria and the sum of these points gives you a man's category. Thus a locomotive driver in a mine and a quarry foreman each get thirteen points, a drilling foreman eleven points, a first-class carpenter fourteen, and a draftsman the maximum twenty-one.

A wage scale, worked out arbitrarily by Union Minière, shows what each man should earn, whether he is on piecework or day work. *Average* man-day cost of labor at the Union Minière—including all labor costs except housing, which is also obligatory on employers—comes out at just over two dollars.

THE MAIN POINT about this wage system is its emphasis on specialization, its drive for higher productivity. Alongside it there are all sorts of good arrangements whereby Africans, for example, can borrow money to build their own houses and pay off the debt simply by forfeiting their rent bonus, which all employers have to allow for. Yet it is at this point—the all-important point of incentive—that the Congo system seems to falter. In Africa today, all evidence goes to show, material incentives are not enough, even when they are as well conceived as they are in the Belgian Congo. Africans want another kind of incentive—that of knowing they are moving toward having a say in the government of their countries and themselves. The evidence also shows this in the Con-



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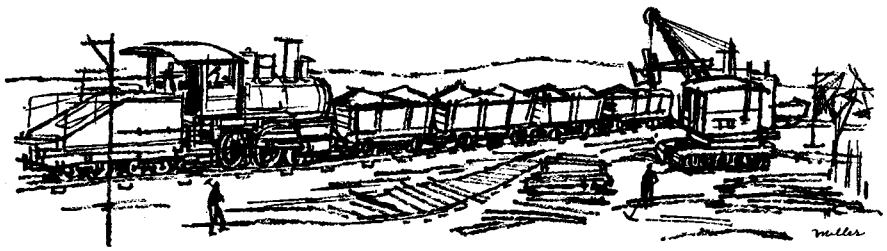
go, though it is not so easy to see as elsewhere. Some of the Congo's best administrators are acutely aware of it, but policy is to delay for as long as possible any move toward representative forms of government. As colonizers, the Belgians are putting off the evil day of representative government for as long as possible. It is quite on the cards that they may put it off for longer than is possible.

The Coming Collision

Against the great advantages of an intelligent and humane process of industrialization, the Belgians set



this resistance to all political development. They run the Congo as an autocracy—over European settlers as well as Africans—and although it is an enlightened autocracy it is still one that prevents the higher degree of self-realization and social co-operation which comes when men feel that they are responsible for their own lives. In the end, of course, the two policies collide, if only because skilled workers trained to use their intelligence are bound in the nature of things to have political opinions and are bound to want to express them. This collision, I think, is already taking place in a subtle and typically dangerous form.

The form is not easily recognizable in American or European terms. It can be seen at its most perverted and destructive in Kenya's Mau Mau. And it is certainly incipient, and perhaps more than incipient, in the Congo today.

Latest official figures published by the Congo government show a total of 3,880 *rélégués politiques* for December 1952, political prisoners detained in selected villages far from their homes. No fewer than 631 of these are labeled as "dangerous."

The prisoners are certainly subversive, though not in the accepted sense of the word. They belong not to a political underground such as anyone outside Africa might recognize, but to forms of "dissident religion" which preach the overthrow of the present system and proclaim that the meek shall inherit the earth —that the Africans shall inherit the Congo. Among these "dissident religions" the most watched and suspected by the Belgians is Kitiwala, whose preachings can be heard, by those who listen very carefully, throughout the Congo. Local variants take other names. Among the numerous Bakongo, especially in the region downstream from Stanley Pool, there is Kibanguism, sometimes known as Ngouzism, after the Kikongo word for "prophet." At the special settlement for "dangerous politicals" at Belingo, according to the official report for 1952, "the Kibanguist fanatics remain fiercely attached to their beliefs, and there is little hope of modifying them."

IN 1943, out of the tropical forests of the Maniema, Kitiwala erupted into action. I talked about this rising with Paul Bronchart, the administrator in the area of the rising, who had the unhappy task of putting it down. Two groups of Kitiwala fanatics marched on Lubuta and Masisi with the object, Bronchart said, of killing the local whites and taking over power. No whites were killed, but seventy-three Africans were condemned to death. Of these, only two were actually hanged. The names these two had given themselves were Jesus Christ and Hallelujah, and they firmly believed that their holy task was to put down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree.

A year later another rising erupted among African troops at Luluabourg in the Kasai, among the formidable Baluba. There was fighting for some days before the situation could be got in hand, and a number of whites were killed. This second rising, it seems, was not connected with Kitiwala, or not directly. Nevertheless, well-informed Belgians believe that it belonged to the same order of thought. Its inspiration, even if obscurely and indirectly, was political and nationalist.

No Safety Valve

Since then the Belgians have had peace, but at the price of a costly intelligence apparatus. Yet one is bound to ask oneself why forms of religion that take a peaceful shape in some parts of Africa take a bellicose shape in the Belgian Congo. For Kitiwala is nothing but a Swahili corruption for "tower"; and the tower in question is Watchtower. Now the odd thing is that Watchtower—generally believed here to have come across the Atlantic from the United States—is present in many African territories without giving any apparent trouble. It is not subject to any special treatment in Angola next door or in Northern Rhodesia. I have talked to apparently peaceful traders in Togoland who openly acclaim their attachment to the rather primitive Pentecostal teachings of Watchtower. In Bamako, French Sudan, I have been handed its pamphlets openly.

Once it crosses the frontier of the Congo, though, it seems to change its nature. The Belgians insist it is potentially explosive. What is also rather strange is that Kitiwala in the Congo appears to attract not the dregs of the African population but just those men whose material and intellectual achievements might otherwise mark them out for some kind of legitimate political action. Kitiwala arrests made recently in the mining camps of the Union Minière, according to a thoroughly responsible administrator with whom I discussed them, included "some of the best workers the Union Minière has got."

It would be entirely wrong to suppose that the Belgian Congo is simmering with revolt. Yet the refusal to concede any real political advance to these Congo peoples is clearly exacting its price, and that price may not be negligible over the next few years. It cannot be an accident that these "dissident religions," these strangely Biblical forms of subversion, should be peaceful in terri-

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tories, such as the Gold Coast or the French Sudan, where Africans have a legitimate political outlet, and the reverse of peaceful in the Belgian Congo, where Africans have none. There are close analogies in Kenya and South Africa. Wherever Africans are balked in every means of political advance, they tend to take their own way out.

In our day this eruptive force among certain Africans in certain territories meeting the immovable object of white prejudice can destroy Africa. This is a drama in continental terms.

The Congo government is well aware of all this, and is sagely looking around for ways of easing the pressure. In 1953 it promulgated a decree that opened all secondary schools to Africans as well as whites. Last year it launched the first university at which Congo Africans may pursue higher studies of a secular nature. There are plans for recruiting Africans into the junior grades of administration. There is talk of steps toward representative government at least at the municipal level.

ABOVE ALL, there is this sapient policy of absorbing Africans into permanent industrial employment. It is already possible to see that, on balance, this has a highly stabilizing and healthy influence on everything that happens in the Congo. It is making people better off. It is also making them happier. If the Belgians can bring themselves to make a correspondingly appropriate political adjustment, they need have small fear of the future. Here at last, in these expanding Congo industries, the white man's contact with Africa has acquired a fertilizing form that can stimulate and sponsor an African culture and civilization genuinely in step with the modern world.

These long-isolated and long-maltreated African peoples are gaining access to knowledge that can really change their lives. It is perhaps ironic that this should occur in that very heart of Africa where the white man's oppression fifty years ago caused Joseph Conrad to write the terrible indictment of the Leopoldian system that he called *Heart of Darkness.*

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Way the Evening Was

A Short Story

ANDY LEWIS

I WAS SITTING on the steps with Frank when my brother Gil came around the corner in this car. He just stopped there, and sat and smiled at me.

"For the love of God," said Frank, "where did you get a car?"

"I made it," said Gil. He doesn't like Frank. "Pile in," he said to me. "Take you for a ride."

"Where did you ever get a car?" said Frank.

"Come on, Buddy," said Gil, "let's go ride."

"You want to come?" I asked Frank.

"If your brother's crazy, do you have to be crazy too?" he said. "Where do you think he got it?"

"I guess he took it," I said, and I got in with Gil. It was almost a new car, big and black, and it smelled nice. Gil started slow, and Frank ran alongside with one hand on the window frame. He couldn't decide whether to come or not. Gil stopped for him, and he got in and rode for a while, but after we'd gone a couple of blocks, he made us let him out again. "You're both crazy," he said. "You don't get me to go with you."

Neither of us said anything. Then we went along down the hill, onto the avenue. The avenue is wide, and it was a nice warm evening. Gil turned the headlights on, and we kept on along to the parkway. The parkway is even broader than the avenue, with green grass on both sides. It slopes down to little ponds. Once in a while ducks with blue heads come there—the most beautiful blue you ever saw. There are fountains there too, and summer nights sometimes we used to come over in a bunch and lie around. And there's a ball park. When the police were having a big campaign, we used to use it. "The Buckleys" we called ourselves, because that was the name of the councilman who gave us equipment. But we lost a lot of games in a row, and he didn't buy us any more equipment, and the campaign for boys' clubs ended. Only pick-up teams play there now. They keep it worn down along the base paths, but the rest is scrubby.

GIL was still driving slow and over close to the curb. I rolled all the windows down, front and rear, and we let the wind blow on our faces. Then I got the radio turned on and found some music. I think it was the biggest car I ever was in. It was wonderful. We'd stop for lights, and other people would drive up alongside. We could look over into their cars. Some had little kids in the back seat standing up on the upholstery or wrestling around with the lap robes. A girl looked over at us once, and then away, and then smiled.

"Look," I said to Gil. "Look, did you see that?"

"What do you expect?" he said. "I'm a very handsome man."

"Turn down this next street. I want to drive."

"Can you drive?" Gil is two years older than me.

"I can if you can," I said. I made him stop, and climbed over him and under the wheel. I was excited and I pressed the starter with the motor already going and it made a whirring noise. Gil was all for climbing back, only I wouldn't let him. I was too happy. I didn't want to drive fast anyway on a night like that. I went out into the parkway again. The parkway is city, all right, not country—apartment houses on one side and stores on the other. But right in the middle of the parkway

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it's better than the country would ever be. The city's right there and all—you can smell it—but there's all the trees and grass you could ever use. I think it must be better than just the plain country.

Gil leaned back when he saw I wasn't going to run into anything, and I drove up by the Garibaldi fountain. Garibaldi was an Italian general. There's a big pool underneath, so that the water comes spraying down in a circle and makes a cool noise all the time. There's an Italian named "Begeeno" – that's what he's called, but I don't know what his real name is—who sells candy and novelties there.

"Stop," said Gil. "We'll get some popcorn."

Begeeno came trotting over bowlegged when he saw the big car. And then he saw it was the two of us. "For love of God," he said.

"Hello, Begeeno," said Gil, grinning at him. "Two boxes, okay?"

"How do you like our car?" I said.

He didn't say anything but went and got the two boxes, looking at us over his shoulder. He came and handed them in to us. Gil gave him a quarter.

"Look," said Begeeno. "You don't keep. You take back."

"Take what back?"

"Car," said Begeeno. "You take car back, you two."

"It's a nice car," said Gil. "Listen to the engine, Begeeno."

Begeeno had been waving the quarter at us. Now he held it back in the window. "Please," he said. "Anyway, you take money back. Cops ask you, you don't stop here, you don't see me. Give me back popcorn, huh?" He looked as if he wanted to reach in and take it away from us. His forehead was all twisted up.

"They wouldn't do anything to you, Begeeno," said Gil. "Just for selling us popcorn, they wouldn't do anything to you."

"You go away now," said Begeeno. "Please." He dropped the quarter inside, on Gil's lap, and it rolled down between the cushions. "I don't see you." He went bowlegged back to the wagon and stood looking away from us hard.

"Pull up to the other side, Buddy," said Gil. "There'll be somebody lying around."

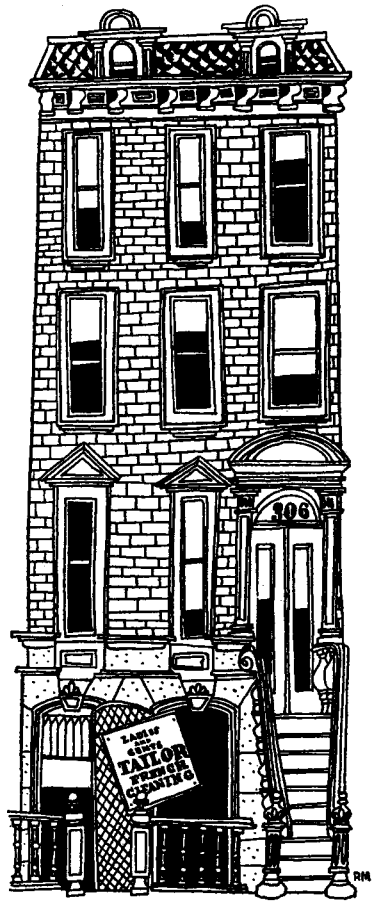
I did, and there was, all right. Two little bunches—one boys and the other girls, each sitting a little way apart, propped up on their elbows, making cracks at each other and looking across, and waiting for just one to cross over. "I see Nutsy," said Gil. "I see Doris."

"Which one is Doris?"

"The thin one with all the black hair."

"She isn't thin," I said.

THEY ALL SAW US at once and jumped up and came around. They stood in a half circle around the window or walked back and



forth rapping on the fenders and jiggling the license plate. "Frank said you had a car," said Nutsy. "The way he talks everybody'll know. He hates you."

"Frank is smart," said Gil, as if he didn't care much. "Come for a ride."

"Thanks, but no thanks," said Nutsy. "You ought to get this away somewhere, honest. Kiley's brother has a garage. But you got to get it out of sight."

"Listen to the engine," said Gil. "You want some popcorn?"

He leaned forward to offer the popcorn to Nutsy, and I got a chance to look at Doris. All I could see before was the edge of her hair, but now I could watch her face. She looked in at the cushions in the back seat and then at the dashboard and then past Gil at me. "Hello, Doris," I said.

"Hello," she said. Nothing shy about her. "Are you Gil's brother?"

"This is Buddy," said Gil. "Buddy, this is Doris. Doris, this is Buddy. I'm *his* brother."

"Come ride with us, Doris," I said.

"Oh no you don't," said one of the other girls right away. She was a thick-faced one, and spotted. "You don't get in that car, Doris. You hear what I'm saying?"

"Who are you?" I asked her, but Gil put his hand on my arm. He was looking out past Nutsy and the others. There was a man standing about ten feet away watching us. He was young. I thought for a moment he was a plainclothes man, but he wore a bright jacket. Tan, I guess it was, almost golden, and plainclothes men don't dress that neat. He was watching the whole gang of us. I wondered how long.

"Shut up a little," Gil said to the others, and he went out to where the man was standing.

"Is it your car?" Gil asked him.

He smiled and shook his head. "No, not mine."

"You know whose it is?"

"No, I guess I don't." Still smiling.

"And were you going to tell some cop?" Gil wasn't threatening. He was just asking.

"I thought about it," said the man. "I couldn't decide about you."

"But you aren't going to tell a cop," said Gil.

"I wasn't sure," said the man. "You think I ought to?"

"I guess so," said Gil. "But you aren't, are you?"

"No, I guess not, Don't worry."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," said Gil. "Only I thought *you* would. You want to come ride with us?"

He shook his head and smiled at Gil and then around at everyone else. Then he went off past the fountain.

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GIL CAME BACK to the car. "He's a nice fella."

"Do you know him?"

"I've seen him around," said Gil. "I can't place him."

"I've seen him too," I said, "I wish I had a jacket like that."

"Maybe you will," said Gil. "You're a young boy yet."

"Listen how quiet it is." It was, too. No talking from anyone for a minute, no sound from cars, only the fountain spraying.

Then all the others started talking again. "You don't get in that car, Doris," said the thick-faced one, right where she'd left off before. "Come on."

She tried to walk Doris away. "Those two are crazy."

"This is too public here," said Nutsy. "We better move out. You too."

"I like it here," said Gil.

"Leave her alone," I said to the thick-faced one. "Come along with us, Doris."

"I'll come," she said. "Do you want to come too, Marg?"

"Doris!" said the thick-faced one. "You don't know where they'll take you. What am I supposed to tell your folks?"

"I don't know," said Doris. Gil got out and held the door open for her, and she fitted in between us. I felt her leg against mine, and I went and pushed the starter again by mistake. It whirred, and Nutsy jumped.

"Doris, what am I going to tell your folks if you don't get back?" We drove along a little. When I looked in the mirror, the thick-faced girl was still leaning over the curb and shouting at us, and the others were still looking after us. But later on, I knew, they'd walk back on the grass by the fountain and lie down in one bunch. And still later when it got darker, if it was still warm, they'd go off by twos. I hoped for his sake Nutsy didn't get the thick-faced one.

WE DROVE around for a little while more. The overpasses on the parkway are paved with some kind of metal, and when we went over one there was a singing noise with the tires. It smelled sweet in the car. I thought it was coming from outside, but it wasn't. It was

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inside with us. Then I thought it was perfume, but it wasn't. It was just Doris. She smelled good, and I was going to tell her so.

"Say," said Gil, "let's go back and get Mom. We could give her a ride around. She'd love it."

"What will we tell her about the car?"

"Say we borrowed it. Say we borrowed it from Kiley's brother. He's a big shot."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No," said Gil, "but he's a big shot."

"I've seen him," said Doris. "He's not much of a big shot." She was laughing, and the wind coming in the car blew her hair across her mouth.

"Well, let's go get Mom anyway. It's a good idea. And anyway I didn't have any supper."

I drove back across the park to our end, and up through the streets. I had to go slow so as not to hit kids. When we stopped in front of our place, five or six of them came and stood around and stared. Gil gave them what was left of the popcorn and told them to go away. He and Doris and I went to get Mom.

We didn't see Frank inside anywhere, but when we went past the third floor we could hear his folks arguing. Everybody in the place had got used to the noise, so that we hardly ever noticed it except late at night. They never threw things or hit each other—just talked.

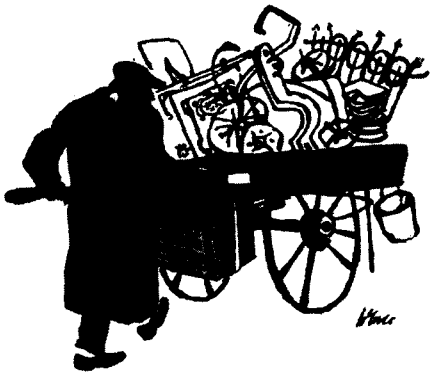
Up on the next floor we didn't think anyone was inside at first because there was no light showing under the door. But Mom was there all right—sitting in the dark, leaning out on the window sill, and looking at the lights all the way across the city to the river. She sat up, wiping her hand on her dress and smiling at Doris.

"This is Mom," Gil said to Doris. "Shake hands with her, but she can't speak English." Doris shook hands, and Gil told Mom her name, very slow, twice, until she could say it.

Gil told her we hadn't eaten. She found some bread for us, and there were two meatballs in a frying pan on the stove. She heated them up, and we ate them. Doris said she had already had supper. Gil and Mom talked, and I translated for Doris until we were through eating. Then Gil told Mom about the surprise, about how she could come riding with us. She didn't ask any questions, just put on a coat and came down with us, slippers and all. She didn't say anything when she saw the car either, but she drew in her breath. Gil was going to have her sit in front, but she went in back instead, very careful of the upholstery.

"We better get some gas." Gil drove up four streets to the garage. It's a big place, but all it sells is gas. The garage part is closed. There were big green oil drums standing in a line in front of the service door. There was one little door set into the service door, and while we were getting the gas a man came out through it, wearing a white shirt but wiping grease off his hands.

"That's Kiley's brother right there," said Doris. "This is his place."



He stood under the sign wiping his hands until he saw Doris. Then he came over. He had a big smile for her, but partly he was looking at the car too. "What do you know, Dotty?"

"Hello," she said.

He stuck his head and shoulders in the window, still smiling big for her. The brim of his hat got in my way, so I took it off and handed it to him. He looked at me for a second, not knowing whether to get tough or not. Then back to her, "I like that dress," he said. "I like what's inside."

"I know you do," said Doris.

"You better not ride around in this deal," he told her. He looked at Gil. Then he looked in back and saw Mom. That startled him. "What's the story with her?"

"She doesn't talk English," said Gil.

"Well listen then," said Kiley's brother. "A deal like this, new, it's bad to keep around. And I got three cars in the shop now. It isn't worth much to me."

"I've got news for you," said Gil. "We don't want to sell it."

"I tell you what. I'll keep it in the shop, we'll do all the work on it, and I'll get rid of it for you, and only keep a little piece. You won't get rid of it otherwise."

"Never mind," said Gil. "Never mind."

"Well, what do you have in mind then? Listen, I was trying to do you a favor . . ."

"We're just going for a ride," said Doris.

Kiley's brother put the hat back on his head, and mashed it down. "Haven't you done enough advertising already? They tell me you been riding around in it all evening. Listen, Dotty—" He pushed still more of himself inside the car. "You better get out of this. Let these jokers do what they want."

"No."

"Come on inside." He put on the big smile again. "I got something to show you."

"I've seen it," said Doris.

"Listen, I've got a crate in there that makes this look like a pushcart. You want to go riding, for Christ sakes, I'll take you riding."

"No," she said. "I want to go in this car." She wrapped her fingers over my wrist. I nodded to Gil, and he started up. Kiley's brother had to jump back or we would have taken his head and shoulders with us. He knocked his hat off on the window frame, and I handed it back to him. He stood there while we went off, beginning to get mad. Mom smiled back at him.

We drove for a long time then, all through the city, and then across the bridge and out towards the country. We went along the turnpike, past the chicken farms and roadhouses. It was real dark by then, but still warm and sweet-smelling. Doris leaned against my shoulder, and Gil turned the radio on again. He got a variety show. We'd hear the voices, all fuzzy, and the clapping like hailstones. It would go and come. Then he got music, and that was better. I wish I could remember

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some of the music they played. When I looked at Doris, she had her head tipped back, and any time I turned around there'd be Mom in the darkness in the back seat, smiling.

It's a strange place, out on the borders of the city, but I liked it. We drove through and up into the foothills, and I liked that even better. The road is winding there, and there are cable fences where the hills go down into valleys. There were poplar trees all along, and their leaves would shine when they caught the moonlight. I wish I could remember more about it. But we drove all over the hills, and then back to the city.

Gil turned left off the bridge, and we went down to the center. It's full of one-way streets that go by the sides of department stores. We went up one and down the other, looking in every window. In some there were people rolling rugs or undressing dummies or arranging luggage. They never looked at the people outside on the sidewalks, but you could see that they knew about them and were feeling important, even if all they were doing was taking the skirt off some cardboard lady.

The one-way streets all go up to meet the main drag. Gil pulled up at the head of one of them. There was a no-parking sign there but he kept the engine running, and there weren't any other cars. We just sat and looked out into the big avenue at the crowds coming from the theaters. They'd hop down off one curb and cross over our little street and hop up the other curb. Up over their heads there was a sign that was supposed to blow smoke rings for a cigarette company. But there must not have been any smoke in the machine because all there was was the man looking surprised, with a big round empty hole for a mouth.

IT GOT LATE, and the crowds got a little thinner. The wind started up and blew their clothes around them and picked up newspapers and blew them in their faces so that they turned their backs to it sometimes. And then the next thing when I looked out, there was the man in the tan jacket again, standing on the corner. He came over.

"There you are," he said.

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Join the MARCH OF DIMES

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"Here we are, all right," said Gil. "Were you looking?"

"Well, I wondered if I'd see you again."

"Come on in," said Gil. "Take a load off. This is Doris, and that's Mom in back. She only talks the old language."

"I'd like to," he said. "But thanks."

Gil was going to try to persuade him, but then Mom started crying. It's hard to tell when she starts crying, because she always starts low. But she began crying louder, and talking to us, and looking around in her dress for a handkerchief.

Doris took her own handkerchief and used it on Mom's cheeks, and pushed it into her hand. "What is she saying?"

"She says she knows we took the car," I said. "She says she didn't care before because it was so nice. She says we've got to give it back."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the man. "I didn't mean to upset her."

"It's all right," said Gil. "I guess she's right. We can't keep it, I guess. I don't know what we'd do with it." He reached back and patted Mom's shoulder and told her not to cry. Mom wanted to get out, but Gil grabbed her and told her not to cry.

"I tell you what," the man said. "Why don't you just go off and leave it? And then I'll tell them there's a car here, and they'll take care of it."

"I guess that's fine," said Gil. So we got out, the four of us, and said good-by to the man and went off to the subway.

"I wish I knew how come he was there," I said.

"Don't worry about it," said Gil. "He just was."

"All the way over in the park. And then here in the center. You saw him too?" I asked Doris.

"Sure I did."

"How are we going to pay for the subway now?" said Gil.

But then he found some money in his pocket and Doris found some too so we could buy the ride home.

"You or me better marry her," said Gil.

IT WAS FINE, with the yellow lights in the green cars, and everybody sleepy, hanging onto the straps and leaning back and forth together. Mom was happy again, and she went to sleep with her head leaned on a fat woman's shoulder.

Gil patted her awake when we came to our stop, and we walked home in the middle of the street. Almost everybody had gone to bed. There was only a light here and there in the windows. And everything was quiet. When we got to our place and stood outside, there was the noise, thin and high up, of Frank's parents arguing with each other, but that was all.

Gil and Mom went inside then, and I walked on with Doris two more blocks to her place.

"Do you have to go in?" I said.

"I don't want to worry my folks," she said.

"You go in then," I said. "But when they're asleep and know you're all safe," I said, "then will you come back down?"

"I will," she said. "You wait for me. Sure I will."

So I waited, and she did come back. It was a good evening, a good night—different, the way a dream is.

The Overtrained Audience

GODDARD LIEBERSON

NOTHING sweetens the air at a concert quite so much as applause. Yet, in the last fifteen or twenty years, applause—this precious oxygen given off by audiences which, more than money, gives life to an artist—has been steadily discouraged, slowly stifled, suppressed, and deadened. Consequently, concert halls have become stuffier, and graveness of mien a prerequisite for him who fancies himself the intelligent concertgoer. The fun is gone, or going, and music has come to be worshiped instead of enjoyed.

It all began subtly enough: the unsmiling face of a violinist or pianist after a sonata; a reluctance to face around on the part of a conductor, or his refusal to lower his arms at appropriate (which he considers inappropriate) moments; and sometimes even a hand lifted in a repressive gesture toward an audience which dares to express enjoyment with a tentative burst of applause.

Thus the great solo artist becomes a kind of reluctant professor of music, too serious to acknowledge his students; the conductor a monochromic, monolithic father figure, grim, repressive, demanding of obedience and love. Like an unsmiling, humorless Mr. Darling of "Peter Pan" he seems to say, "A little less noise there. Just watch your decorum—we are worshiping the divinity Music—keep your feelings to yourself." But only saints are adept at private ecstasies, and to ask this from the music public is asking for much too much.

ONE WONDERS where the foolish concept of "serious" music began. Was it an attempt to guarantee a posterity that otherwise seemed lost? Yet *bon vivants* are kindly remembered: We honor Dante, but we also honor Boccaccio; we are grateful to both Marcus Aurelius and Petronius. And are we not correct in our suspicions that the artist who "seriously" strives to create "serious" works which will be remembered by succeeding generations is at once doomed to failure?

I cannot help but believe that what we now call "serious" music was once listened to in quite a different way, that concert rooms were neither study halls nor places of worship, and that the atmosphere at music-giving gatherings was one of great social fun. Indeed, one has only to look at an old print depicting Handel as the conductor of his own music surrounded by a conglomeration of audience, singers, and instrument artists to know that a concert for those people was a robust frolic, not unrelated to other robust frolics, and nearly as much

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fun. I should imagine that our jazz concerts of today would come closer to approximating what concerts then were. At these concerts, faces are smiling, the air is electric with enjoyment, the applause is lusty and grateful.

One wonders: How many years of repression have gone into forming our serious music audiences? It must have meant years of training, because the natural reactions to the exhilaration that music engenders are applause, dancing, even vocal expressions of joy. Wasn't there once a time when applause between movements of a symphony was not considered a coarse gaucherie? Today, the unhappy creature who involuntarily and ecstatically claps his hands together after the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the center of malevolent looks, whispered "sshs," and perhaps even spoken insults from close relatives who expected a little more sensitivity from a respectable fellow. It is all heartbreakingly unfair. Particularly since Beethoven, if he were alive and not deaf, would be delighted, I am sure, to stand and bow in acknowledgment of the applause. And what joy for a contemporary composer if he were to hear an inadvertent burst of applause from an exuberant admirer!

Our generation, in all aspects of life, has completely rejected the fustiness of Victorianism save in this one area—the concert hall. There the clinging plush, the dim lighting (as if to suggest gaslight), the grim art that hangs on the walls, and, above all, the somber atmosphere, suggest that the antimacassar still lives, and that Alfred Lord Tennyson has crossed no bars.

Soon music will have become such a serious matter that it will entirely be left in the hands of experts. That is, unfortunately, the direction in which it is now moving. It is the responsibility of everyone concerned with music to re-establish its preeminence in the field of entertainment, as an essential social (of course, in the broad sense) activity. A good way to begin would be to convert our musical audiences to the concept of the enjoyment of music, and to leave study and worship in the edifices designed for their use.

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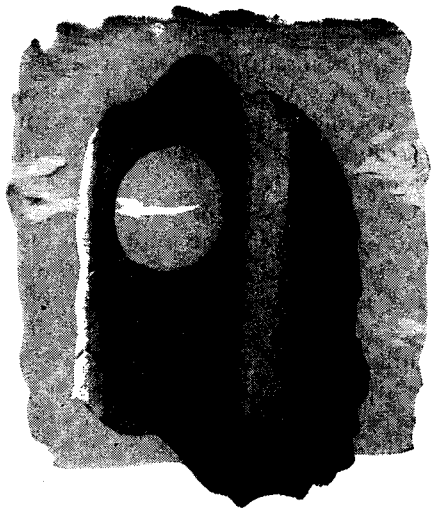
A Prize-Winning Novel By Simone de Beauvoir



MADELEINE CHAPSAL

"An intellectual is not just one to whom books are necessary, but any man whose very life is controlled and disciplined by an idea—no matter how simple it may be."
—André Malraux

PARIS

IN FRANCE intellectuals enjoy a higher standing than they do in the United States. People listen to what they have to say; youth in and out of school looks to them for guidance; they are not restricted to the campus. But when they go in for politics, they are no longer trusted and people marvel at them. It is as if these delicate indoor plants could not withstand the light of action. How wrong this generalization is, we can see when we consider that one of the men whose influence has been most deeply felt in the politics of our world, Karl Marx, was a bookworm. We also forget the influence exerted on the politics of their times by writers like Lamartine, Hugo, or Jefferson. The mind and the pen are redoubtable weapons that cannot be laughed off. Yet we must admit that the intellectual in politics is sometimes a comic character.

The pathetic side of the intellectual has been delicately portrayed by Simone de Beauvoir in her novel *Les Mandarins,* which won the 1954 Goncourt Prize. In old China the mandarins were public servants; today the word is used to define those men who find themselves separated from the masses by their own intellectual attainments. It is with humor that Simone de Beauvoir, who is one of them, describes the tormented adventures of writers and thinkers—these overexcited, irritable, unstable characters who are always questioning the wisdom, the usefulness, and the purpose of each of their actions. It took courage for Simone de Beauvoir to write this book, for the one protagonist who immediately conquers the reader in the space of one paragraph is a natural man of action, not a self-made one, and he turns half the world upside down without indulging in much reflection.

But Simone de Beauvoir is rewarded for the hard task she undertook. By writing about men corroded by their inner life, perpetually busy reconciling irreconcilables — their ideals, their private lives, and political reality—she has written the most humane novel that has appeared in France in recent years.

Humane, for there can be no more representative description of man than one that presents intellectuals, forced by their very craft to harmonize the happenings of their lives and the dictates of their consciences. It is also a novel that is true in the purest sense of the term, for Simone de Beauvoir, a philosopher, cannot handle fiction otherwise than by describing step by step things she has experienced.

Leaving the Cloister

This truthfulness of *Les Mandarins* is particularly striking because the whole book retraces the life of that group of intellectuals of the Left to which Simone de Beauvoir belongs along with Jean-Paul Sartre. Almost literally she follows the sequence of recent history. The war imposed upon French writers an obsession other than with their writing. When peace came many of them found it impossible to cloister themselves again in their work.

"We have always thought that one doesn't write for writing's sake . . . the little lights along the Tagus, you can't describe them when you know they light up a starving city," she says in *Les Mandarins.*

Simone de Beauvoir shows how, in order to improve the condition of other men, some intellectuals founded a party, ran a newspaper, and ventured into political maneuvers. Actually, Sartre did found the Rassemblement Démocratique Révolutionnaire, and Albert Camus ran *Combat.* It was the period when the Communists were in the de Gaulle Government and when, in the optimistic climate of the postwar years, at a time when de Gaulle was conferring with Stalin, many Frenchmen of good will thought it would

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be possible, after the collapse of fascism, to march together with the Communists toward definite goals. For intellectuals, in whom individualism is an occupational trait—since they draw their resources from their own selves—the course for France was quite clear: Keep an equal distance from the Americans and from the Russians. It was what was called "neutralism."

We all know what followed. The world was split into two blocs, and the so-called neutralists found it nearly impossible to avoid entering the one or the other. Then came the bitter quarrels, the agonizing reappraisals in public, the breakdown of the R.D.R., the return, more or less complete, of each mandarin to his loneliness. Lately even Sartre and Camus have split.

Truth and Expediency

Without recounting exactly each fact of this sad story, Simone de Beauvoir reveals its inevitable causes, and its impact on the lives of the people concerned. Political truth is sometimes different from plain truth, and those men who are accustomed by their craft not to accept anything but unalloyed truth recoil in confusion and horror from political expediency. But they do not want to be pure intellectuals either—which means professors, writers and so forth—and claim adherence to a conception of life that they cannot fight for. Is only despair left to them? Yes. But they do not give up. Isolated from the public and from each other, these left-wing intellectuals stick to their principles and go on believing in the ultimate victory of their own private ideal.

Perhaps Simone de Beauvoir is right: The frail intellectual, so exposed from the moment he leaves the shelter of his study, yet indestructible, is a major protagonist of our own times.

THIS NOVEL does not forget women. In addition to the political tribulations of the intellectuals, Simone de Beauvoir once more exposes her own conception of the drama of modern woman. The reader will remember the ideas of *The Second Sex,* summed up by a phrase of Kierkegaard inscribed in that book: "What a misfortune to be a woman! And yet the worst misfortune when one is a woman is not to understand what a misfortune it is."

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S novel is an original book which suffers from the fact that the writer is not an artist. *Les Mandarins* is correctly written, but without the pace, the perspective, the inner harmony that are style. For many French writers and critics, style is all-important. Simone de Beauvoir's lack of artistry made many of them indignant; some slammed down the book; others studiously collected its every awkward phrase.

Nevertheless, Simone de Beauvoir won out over all the French novels published in 1954. Her success with a national readership supremely concerned with artistry may seem to be a paradox. But the reason for that success is that we French, to a greater or lesser degree, are all steeped in humanism—in that concern for the individual which Simone de Beauvoir herself defines so well in her book: "Nothing in the world is as important as the death or the suffering of a simple human being." Or, in another passage: "Literature is made for men and not men for literature."

A Psychoanalytical View Of Beethoven's Last Years

LEE CULPEPPER

BEETHOVEN AND HIS NEPHEW, by Editha and Richard Sterba, M.D. Translated (*meisterhaft*) by Willard R. Trask. Illustrated and annotated. *Pantheon. $5.*

IN THIS unpleasant but interesting *tour de force,* two ex-Viennese psychoanalysts, both musicians by avocation, draw on their skills and professional bias to produce their study of Beethoven's relationship with his nephew Karl.

The subject seems unpromising—millions have lived full lives, incomparably richer for Beethoven, without knowing or caring whether he had a nephew. But when we learn that the composer's last twelve years were blighted by his preoccupation with Karl, that only the flow of Beethoven's genius allowed him to go forward producing the late quartets, the last symphony, and the triumphant "Missa Solemnis," and furthermore that this anxiety may even have precipitated his death, we see that the book's somewhat morbid concentration on certain aspects of his family troubles and of his turbulent and much-discussed personality is of legitimate interest to all who seek to go deep into Beethoven's life.

Compulsive Parenthood

At the age of eighteen, this genius became head of the family, which since the mother's recent death from tuberculosis consisted of Ludwig's younger brothers Karl and Johann and their father, the tipsy, broken-down tenor who had been his harsh taskmaster. The arrangement gave Ludwig free rein to dominate his two juniors, whom he regarded as his children. Johann "escaped" and became a prosperous supplier to the Austrian Army during the Napoleonic Wars, but Karl, a minor civil servant, remained generally submissive until his lingering death from tuberculosis in 1815.

In his last will, made the day before he died, Karl appointed Ludwig guardian of his nine-year-old son, also named Karl. But knowing that Ludwig detested his wife Johanna, he added a codicil: ". . . I by no means desire that my son be taken away from his mother, . . . to which

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end the guardianship of him is to be exercised by her as well as by my brother. . . . for the welfare of my child, I recommend *compliance* to my wife and more *moderation* to my brother.

"God permit them to be harmonious for the sake of my child's welfare."

God, or rather Ludwig's authoritarian temperament, permitted anything but harmony. Resolved to become sole guardian of the boy, he accused Johanna of having poisoned her husband. When the autopsy proved negative, Ludwig had recourse to the first of a long series of legal actions. He appealed to the Landrechte, or nobles' court (which assumed jurisdiction in the case on the strength of the meaningless "van" before the name Beethoven), that Johanna was unfit to rear her son because four years previously she had served a month of "house arrest" for embezzling from her own husband.

A Trembling Joy

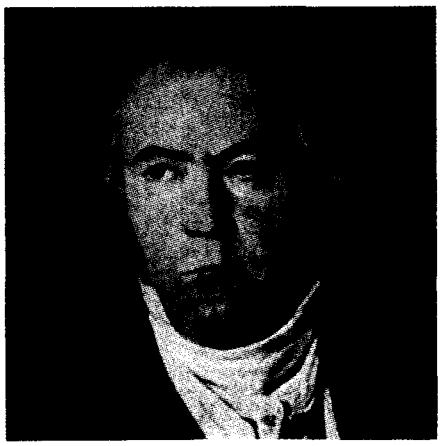
Through Beethoven's considerable influence, this rather flimsy charge was enough to sway the court; in two months he became sole guardian. "His reaction . . . was literally overwhelming. . . . From then until his death, his relation to his nephew remained his most important emotional experience."

Since the state of Ludwig's lodgings rendered them uninhabitable for anybody else, he placed young Karl in a boarding school, where Johanna might see the boy only in the presence of a person appointed by himself as guardian. Soon Ludwig became mistrustful of the family that ran the school and of the teachers, as well as of the mother Karl still loved in his secret thoughts.

In spite of constant hypochondria (especially concerning tuberculosis) and a constant fear of poverty (poor Johanna had to turn over half her pension to pay for Karl's tuition), Beethoven must have the boy live with him. Early in 1818, after interminable calculations of the cost of feeding servants and the price of such items as dishrags, candles, boot polish, and rolls, Ludwig brought Karl to his still chaotic lodgings. There the lad was tutored in piano playing (by Czerny, famed for exercises), French, and drawing—and in the abuse of servants. In ten months Karl was back at the old school for safekeeping, after he had run away to his mother's.

The Endless Squabble

Karl's gesture of despair strengthened Johanna's case, and Beethoven's unguarded admission to the Landrechte that he was not of noble birth damaged his. In 1819 the Magistracy, a commoners' court, deprived him of his formal guardianship. Karl stayed with his mother briefly and was bandied from school to school.



F. G. Waldmüller, 1823

". . . Ludwig's emotional excitement, his inordinate wishes, and his sincere conviction of Johanna's corrupting influence on Karl, made it impossible for him to accept . . . compromise solutions." He would be the actual guardian, with perhaps a subservient friend as co-guardian. Johanna must go.

In a long memorial to the Appellate Court (February, 1820), Beethoven repeated the old accusations against Johanna and even charged her with poisoning her son. Again he used his influence and finally got what he wanted: Johanna was excluded once more. One day, fearing the results of an oral examination, Karl ran to her again, but she surrendered him docilely. An appeal to the Emperor availed her nothing; perhaps the imminent birth of an illegitimate child was prejudicial.

Crescendo and Diminuendo

Beethoven had the youth's custody and might yet have won his friendship. But any trifling incident served to turn Ludwig's affection to reproaches, even to hostility. Pulled this way and that for so long and now distracted by his duties as his uncle's secretary and major-domo of his restless household, the hapless, unhappy Karl eventually fell behind in his philological studies at the University. He shifted to a commercial course at the Polytechnic, but his uncle's harassments, chidings, and involuntary mistrust finally led to a breakdown. On a wild cliff near Baden, Karl summoned up enough courage to attempt suicide. Beethoven's biographers, without the Sterbas' interest in vindicating Karl, don't take his action seriously, but a bullet lodged in the head, even though near the scalp, is not merely symbolic.

Karl asked the carter who found him bleeding to take him to his mother's.

According to the Sterbas, Karl's attempt at suicide seems to have ended his aggressiveness. He recovered (in the General Hospital, under police surveillance). His uncle was the true victim of the tragedy. Beethoven felt disgraced and defeated. At fifty-six he looked seventy. He resigned the guardianship for the last time—Karl was twenty anyway—but still he sought to help his nephew by obtaining an army commission for him. Then, having little will to live, he contracted pneumonia after a journey in an open carriage in winter. He died on March 26, 1827, leaving Karl his seven shares of national bank stock worth 7,441 florins.

Karl's career was anticlimactic. Inheriting from his Uncle Johann too, he was able to resign his commission and lead the life of a *rentier*. He had five children, improvised beautifully on the piano, and died at fifty-two. He never defended himself against his great uncle's biographers, who accused him of ingratitude and waywardness. Johanna outlived him.

The nineteenth-century romantic view of this great man—as of its other great men—will not be annulled by any belittlement. The pendulum will come to rest between extremes. The Sterbas' analysis of Beethoven, it must be repeated, is of value mainly because it forces us to think—as we always should—about man's complex nature.

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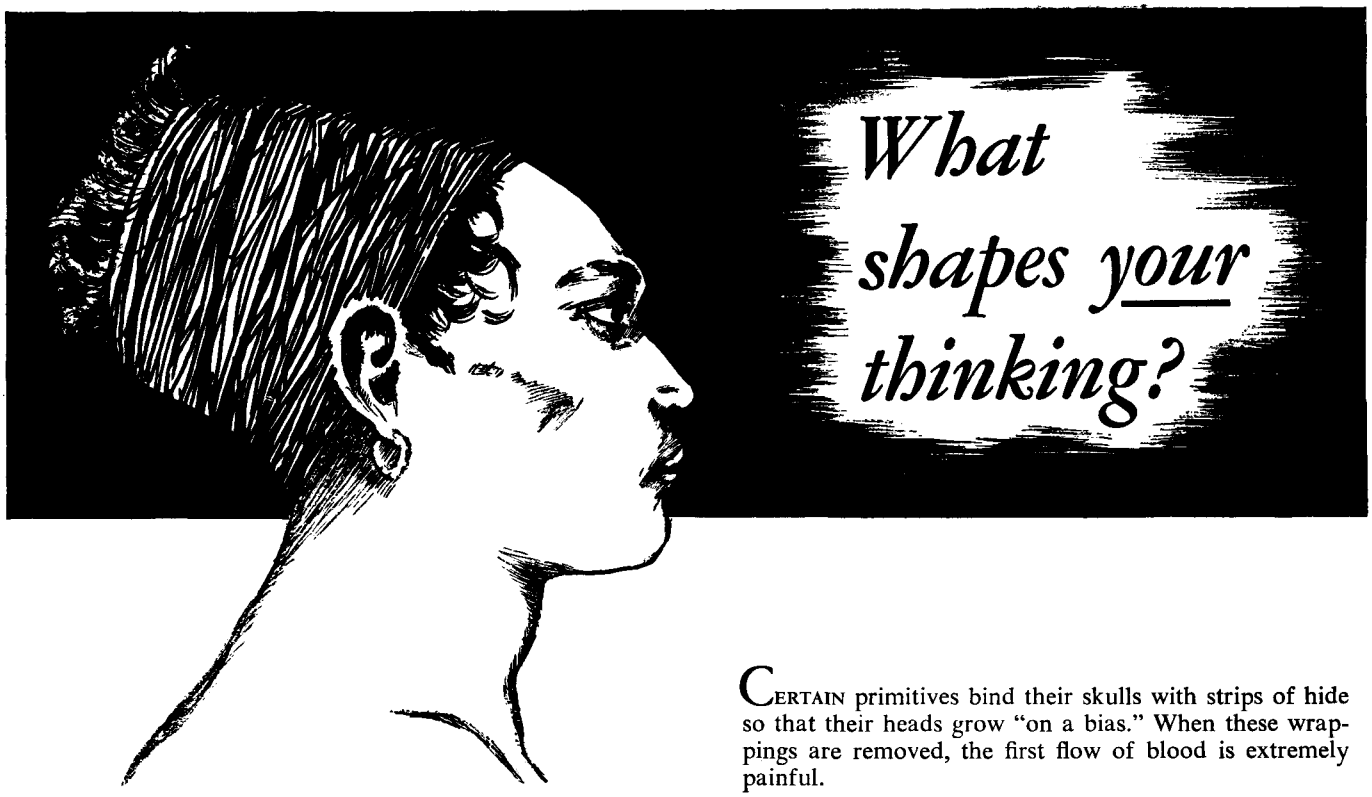

CERTAIN primitives bind their skulls with strips of hide so that their heads grow "on a bias." When these wrappings are removed, the first flow of blood is extremely painful.

In our society, many bind not their heads, but their minds, and as a result of this tourniquet on their imagination, their thinking is biased and their opinions hidebound. To remove the wrappings and permit a flow of new ideas is painful here too, and these narrow-minded clans are careful to avoid it.

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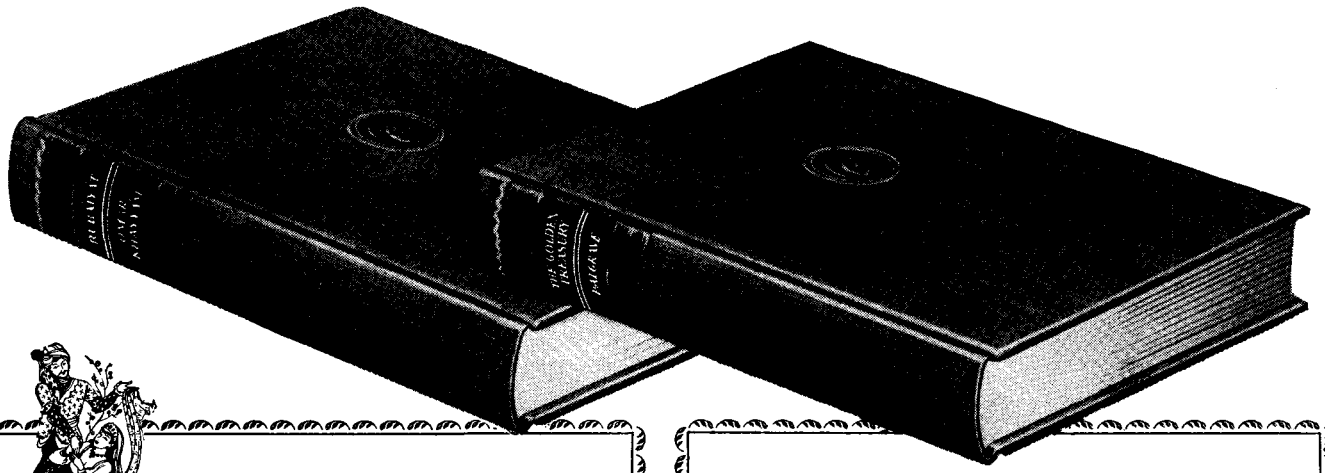

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